THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK FOUR

PENNELL AND CUSACK

Property of Dist. 22.
Powder River Co.
Gerald Atica Chavez

THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK FOUR

BY

MARY E. PENNELL

FORMERLY ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

AND

ALICE M. CUSACK

DIRECTOR OF KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY GRADES
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

ILLUSTRATED BY
RODNEY THOMSON, SAMUEL B. WYLIE
AND OTHERS

GINN AND COMPANY
BOSTON . NEW YORK . CHICAGO . LONDON
ATLANTA . DALLAS . COLUMBUS . SAN FRANCISCO

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY MARY E. PENNELL AND ALICE M. CUSACK
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

829.9

The Athenæum Press
GINN AND COMPANY · PROPRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

PREFACE

Did you notice the title of this reader? It is one of a number of books called The Children's Own Readers. Do you wonder why the books were given this name? This is the reason: children all over the United States helped in the making of these books. Thousands of children let the authors know what questions they would like best to have answered. After the questions were answered in story form, they were printed in a book, together with other interesting selections. Then children from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West read the books and decided which stories they liked best and which they liked least.

The book which you are going to read contains the stories that were liked best by thousands of these children. You will find in it stories and poems which you have never read before. You will find in it a few stories and poems which your father and mother read when they were children. There are stories about animals. There are stories describing life and adventure in other countries. Some stories tell about interesting inventions; others tell about daring deeds of firemen. There

are true stories and fairy stories. There are humorous stories and tales of adventure. Which kind of stories do you like best?

The authors wish to thank the children, their teachers, their superintendents, and all who helped in the making of this book.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is due to the following publishers and authors for their kind permission to use copyrighted material: to The Century Co. for "John Muir" from "Heroes of Today" by Mary R. Parkman, "The Wise Goat and the Wolf" from "More Jataka Tales" by Ellen C. Babbitt, and "Bill Brown's Test" from "Careers of Danger and Daring" by Cleveland Moffett; to Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., for "I'd like to be a Lighthouse" and "White Birches" from "Taxis and Toadstools" by Rachel Field (copyright, 1926, by Doubleday, Page and Company), and "Glory Goldie's Fishing" from the chapter "Fishing" in "The Emperor of Portugallia" by Selma Lagerlöf (published by Doubleday, Page and Company); to E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., for "A Christmas Carol" taken by permission from Phillips Brooks's "Christmas Songs and Easter Carols" (published and copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York); to Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Pomegranate Seeds" by Nathaniel Hawthorne and part of "Sea Shell" from "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass" by Amy Lowell; to Rand McNally & Company for "The Little Lame Prince" by Dinah M. Mulock; to the *St. Nicholas Magazine* for "The Only Lion Farm in the World" by Fred Gilman Jopp; to Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto for "The Snow Battle"; to Katharine Lee Bates for one stanza of "America the Beautiful"; to Lydia Lion Roberts for "Joan of Arc"; to the estate of J. T. Trowbridge for "Evening at the Farm."

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010

http://www.archive.org/details/childrensownread00penn

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Fire Engine that lost its Way		11
Dust under the Rug	*Maud Lindsay*	17
Evening at the Farm	*John Townsend Trowbridge*	25
The Wise Goat and the Wolf	*Ellen C. Babbitt*	28
The Swing over the Swimming Pool		32
The Spirit of the Sunset	*Mary I. Lovejoy*	45
Frightening the Indians	*An Historical Incident*	47
The Rat that could Speak	*Charles Dickens*	52
I'd like to be a Lighthouse	*Rachel Field*	62
The Mysterious Old Stone Mill		63
Going for the Doctor	*Anna Sewell*	70
Mr. Nobody	*Author Unknown*	78
The Unknown Soldier		80
Glory Goldie's Fishing	*Selma Lagerlöf*	90
A Shooting Star		99
We Thank Thee		105
Down the Rabbit Hole	*Lewis Carroll*	106
Bill Brown's Test	*Cleveland Moffett*	116
The Man who said "What Can I Do?"		120
A Christmas Carol	*Phillips Brooks*	132
Robinson Crusoe	*Daniel Defoe*	134
The Snow Battle	*Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto*	145
Outside the Door	*Annette Wynne*	162
William Tell	*A Swiss Story*	163

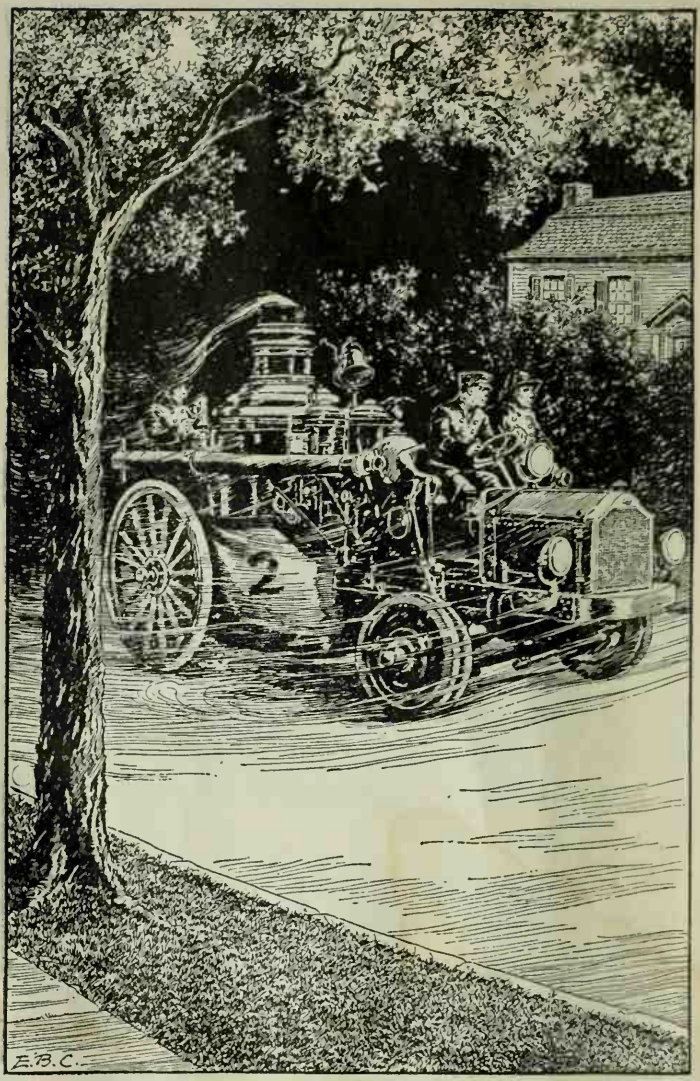
PAGE

When the Fire Alarm Rings 168
The Only Lion Farm in the World
Fred Gilman Jopp 179
The Little Lame Prince . . *Dinah M. Mulock* 188
America the Beautiful . *Katharine Lee Bates* 199
Florence Nightingale 200
Dangers of the Desert 206
The Table and the Chair . . . *Edward Lear* 218
Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp
The Arabian Nights 221
Rumpelstiltskin . . . . . *Grimm* 233
A Secret . . . . . *Author Unknown* 241
The Little Furry Ones that Slide Down Hill
Charles G. D. Roberts 243
Caught in the Door 257
Joan of Arc . . . . . *Lydia Lion Roberts* 262
Little Snail . . . . . *Hilda Conkling* 275
The Pomegranate Seeds . *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 276
Exploring the Air 285
The Adventures of Ulysses 302
White Birches . . . . . *Rachel Field* 320
John Muir . . . . . *Mary R. Parkman* 321
Barbara's Basket of Fruit 343
Sea Shell . . . . . *Amy Lowell* 357

LITTLE DICTIONARY 359

THE CHILDREN'S OWN READERS

BOOK FOUR


E.B.C.

THE FIRE ENGINE THAT LOST ITS WAY

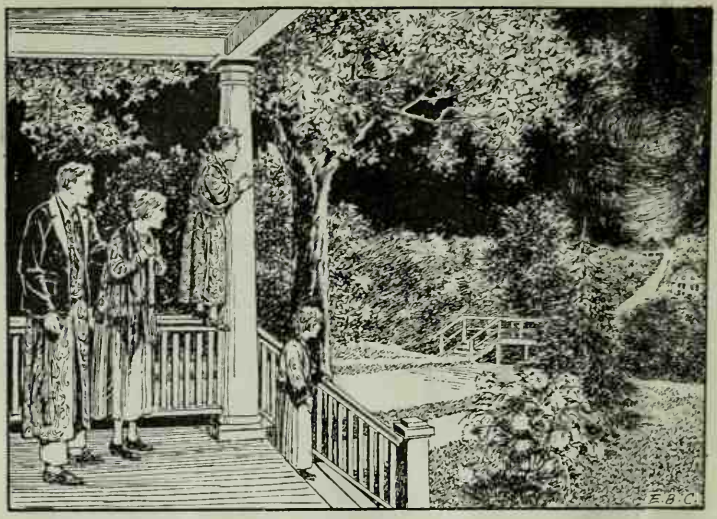
If you should discover a fire, in what different ways could you notify the fire department? Which is the safest way? The following story will tell you.

"Good-by, Bob, I will call for you tomorrow," said David Brown.

"Good night, Betty. Good night, David. Tomorrow I will beat you at marbles," said Bob Grant.

Bob ran up the street to his house, and Betty and David went in to supper. The other two children who lived on Warren Street had gone home a few minutes before.

Warren Street was a pleasant little place. There were only five houses on this part of it, but each house had a green lawn and some flowering bushes. In three of the houses there were children who played and went to school together. Really the street was very long; for after it left the five friendly houses, it went over a narrow footbridge which arched over the railroad tracks and kept on straight up a hill where the houses were large and grand.



David and Betty played games after supper and went to bed at eight o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Brown read for a while, and then they put Spots, the black and white cat, down cellar and locked the doors.

One by one the lights went out in the five houses. The street grew dark and still. Far away a clock struck twelve.

Suddenly a bell clanged on the air. There was a clash and clatter, the roar of a motor, the rumble of heavy wheels. The quiet of the street was broken by excited cries and strange noises.

"There must be a fire!" cried Mrs. Brown, leaping out of bed. Mr. Brown ran downstairs. David and Betty woke and ran to the window.

"Here comes the fire engine! Look at it swing round the corner! Where do you suppose the fire is?" David and Betty hurried downstairs after their father.

"Our house is all safe," said Mr. Brown. "Do you suppose that the Grants' house up the street is on fire?"

He put a coat over his dressing gown and started out of the house.

The lights flashed on in all the five houses, doors opened, windows banged, voices called to each other.

"Is your house all right? Where is the fire? The engine is stopping at the Grants' house. Let's go over there!"

The men rushed out of the houses, while the women and children waited anxiously to see what would happen next. There was no crackle of flames, no smoke pouring out of any windows. It must be a fire in a closet or a cellar, the women decided. The children huddled in their dressing gowns, with wide eyes and excited faces.

"Look, the hook and ladder has started again! It is turning around. Can it turn in this narrow street? There, it has swung partly into the field! Now it can make it! The engine is turning too!"

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Brown turned eagerly to her husband, who had just come back. David gave a sudden shout before his father could answer.

"Look, mother, up the hill!" David pointed across the bridge, which could be seen from the piazza.

"There is the fire!" cried Mrs. Brown. "It is in one of the big houses on the hill, on the other part of Warren Street."

The drivers of the engines had seen the pointing fingers. They took one look and started their motors. The big machines roared away into the night, racing to make up for lost time, hurrying to get to those who were in distress.

"The fire engine got lost," explained Mr. Brown. "Someone telephoned that a house on Warren Street was on fire, and the telephone operator did not get all the message because the person was so excited. The operator rang

in the alarm for the box on this side of the bridge. The drivers did not know what to make of it when they dashed over here and found everything quiet. Now they have to go to the center of the town to swing back on the other hill. It is too bad that someone made that mistake."

The people stayed out of doors for a few minutes more, watching the flames on the hill.

"The fire is dying down now," said Mrs. Brown. "The engines got there in time after all. If someone had only run to the fire-alarm box and pulled in an alarm, there would not have been all this delay."

"Remember that, children," said their father, as he opened the door and they started up to bed again. "If you must telephone about a fire, be sure to give the right directions. A few minutes' delay in finding the fire may mean that it is too late to save the house. The best way is to run to the nearest fire-alarm box, take a stone and break the glass, turn the key, open the door, and pull down the handle inside."

"What does that do?" asked David, with a sleepy yawn.

"As soon as that handle is pulled down in the box it rings an alarm in the central building of the fire department. That alarm gives the number of the box, and the man there knows just where the fire is and sends out the alarm to the right fire station."

"I will write down the correct way to send in an alarm," said Mrs. Brown, "and you children may copy it. Everyone ought to know what to do in case of fire."

"And then we can play it with the other children and use a make-believe fire-alarm box," said David. "Then all the children will know about it."

"That is a good idea," said his father. "If you know how to give an alarm, the fire engines will never lose their way."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What is the safest way to turn in a fire alarm?

How do you do this? What happens then?

If you turn in a fire alarm by telephone, what must you be sure to do?

Where is the nearest fire-alarm box to your home? to the school?

Write down the correct way of sending in a fire alarm.

DUST UNDER THE RUG[1]

What a queer title this is! What do you suppose the story can be about? After you have read the story decide whether the title is a good one.

There was once a mother who had two little daughters, and as her husband was dead and she was very poor she worked faithfully all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker and found work to do away from home; but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as

[1] From "Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay. Used by permission of Milton Bradley Company.

though the trees were real persons nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the spring there were the birds, in the summer the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children.

But one day the dear mother came home sick, and then they were very sad. It was winter, and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said, "Dear sister, I must go out to find work before the food gives out." So she kissed her mother and, wrapping herself up, started from home.

There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house, which was a welcome sight. She made haste to reach it and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. When

she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there. Then she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house she started back in surprise, for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "this will never do!" And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half circle around the fire; and just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rime,

Now isn't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment,

Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child.

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs she came to meet them. "If you please," she said, "I'm little Minnie Grey, and I'm looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here

when the night drew near, and —" here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily,

> You found our room a sorry sight,
> But you have made it clean and bright.

They were such dear, funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place they called Minnie to them and said,

> Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
> All through our fairy's holiday?
> And if you faithful prove, and good,
> We will reward you as we should.

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs and wanted to help them; so she thanked them and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs left she cleaned up the room and mended their clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the windowpanes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen — a picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

"I believe," said Minnie aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug today. After all, it is nothing for dust to be where it can't be

seen!" So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said, and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying, "There is the little girl who is so faithful and good." And Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said, "Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as starshine."

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! we see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed and swept the dust away, and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise, and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it, and when she had ended her story the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said,

> Dear child, the gold is all for you,
> For faithful you have proved and true;
> But had you left the rug unturned,
> A groat was all you would have earned.
> Our love goes with the gold we give,
> And oh! forget not while you live,
> That in the smallest duty done
> Lies wealth of joy for everyone.

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her, and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the dwarfs again, but she never forgot their lesson to do her work faithfully, and she always swept under the rug.

MAUD LINDSAY

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Was the title a good one? Why do you think so?

EVENING AT THE FARM

Have you ever spent an evening on a farm during the summer? If so, what did you see and hear? In this poem John Townsend Trowbridge describes an evening at the farm. Which picture that he paints with words should you like best to have seen?

Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;

In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring "So, boss! so!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Which picture should you like best to have seen? Prepare to read it so that others will like your picture best.

Should you see the same things on a farm today? Why?

THE WISE GOAT AND THE WOLF

Do you think of a goat as being a wise animal? What does the title of this story make you want to know?

Once upon a time, many, many wild goats lived in a cave in the side of a hill. A wolf lived with his mate not far from this cave. Like all wolves, they liked the taste of goat's meat. So they caught the goats, one after another, and ate them, all but one, who was wiser than all the others. Try as they might, the wolves could not catch her.

One day the wolf said to his mate, "My dear, let us play a trick on that wise goat. I will lie down here pretending to be dead. You go alone to the cave where the goat lives and, looking very sad, say to her, 'My dear, do you see my mate lying there dead? I am so sad; I have no friends. Will you be good to me? Will you come and help me bury the body of my mate?' The goat will be sorry for you, and I think she will come here with you. When she stands beside me I will spring upon her and bite her in the neck. Then she will fall over dead, and we shall have good meat to eat."

The wolf then lay down, and his mate went to the goat, saying what she had been told to say.

But the wise goat said, "My dear, all my family and friends have been eaten by your mate. I am afraid to go one step with you. I am far safer here than I should be there."

"Do not be afraid," said the wolf. "What harm can a dead wolf do to you?"

These and many more words the wolf said to the goat, so that at last the goat said she would go with the wolf.

But as they went up the hill side by side the

goat said to herself, "Who knows what will happen? How do I know the wolf is dead?" So she said to the wolf, "I think it will be better if you go on in front of me."

The wolf thought he heard them coming. He was hungry, and he raised his head to see if he could see them. The goat saw him raise his head, and she turned and ran back to her cave.

"Why did you raise your head when you were pretending to be dead?" the wolf asked her mate. He had no good answer.

By and by the wolves were both so very hungry that the wolf asked his mate to try once more to catch the goat.

This time the wolf went to the goat and said, "My friend, your coming helped us; for as soon as you came my mate felt better. He is now very much better. Come and talk to him. Let us be friends and have a good time together."

The wise goat thought, "These wicked wolves want to play another trick on me. But I have thought of a trick to play on them." So the goat said, "I will go to see your mate, and I will take my friends with me. You go back and get ready for us. Let us all have a good time together."

Then the wolf was afraid, and she asked, "Who are the friends who will come with you? Tell me their names."

The wise goat said, "I will bring the two hounds, Old Gray and Young Tan, and that fine big dog called Four-Eyes. And I will ask each of them to bring his mate."

The wolf waited to hear no more. She turned, and away she ran back to her mate. The goat never saw either of them again.

ELLEN C. BABBITT

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why was the goat called wise?

Find the paragraphs that tell about the wolf's first plan to catch the wise goat.

Find the paragraphs that tell how this plan was carried out.

Find the paragraph that tells why the wolf's plan did not succeed.

Find the paragraph that tells what the wolf's second plan was.

Find the paragraphs that tell about the goat's plan.

THE SWING OVER THE SWIMMING POOL

If a person goes boating or swimming, he should know how to give first aid to anyone who has been saved from drowning. This story proves this statement and shows how first aid should be given.

The truck rolled along the country road, bouncing the sixteen boys who were sitting on their bags full of blankets and clothing. They were singing in a joyous roar the chorus of one of their Sea Scout songs:

To my way, ay, and yea, ay,
We're bound away for many a day;
A Sea Scout is a good scout,
So give us our seaway.

"We're going seventy miles an hour," said Malvin Young, when the boys paused for breath.

"This old truck couldn't do it," protested Dave Brown. "What do you mean, anyway?"

"We're going thirty miles straight ahead and forty miles up and down," explained Malvin, with a teasing laugh.

"Look at that swing over the water," cried Malvin suddenly. "The ropes from that tree

down to the sides of the bar must be twenty-five feet long. Wow! but that will be some swing!"

"Yes," said the skipper. "We are going to camp at the other end of this field. That swing is to be used only at swimming hours, and don't you forget it, you young sea rascals. The pool is deep there, and no one goes swimming alone. Any boy that disobeys rules in this camp will do kitchen-police work and lose all his desserts for the week, or else be sent home. You know your skipper."

"Aye, aye, sir," roared the boys.

"There's no danger, though, because we all can swim," muttered Ernest Baker.

"Tumble out and set up camp," ordered the skipper, as he drove the truck to one end of the field. The boys exclaimed in delight at their camping place. The river wound past one side of the broad, level field, curving at the farther end to ripple under the trees leaning over the bank. The other side of the field was bordered with evergreen trees which rose in stately ranks to the top of a hill. A rabbit darted across the field as the boys started to put up the tents. A chipmunk raced up the trunk of a tree, paus-

ing on a branch to watch with his bright eyes the strange things these two-legged animals were doing. The birds chattered and twittered at this invasion of their retreat. The boys went quickly ahead, setting up pup tents, emptying bags, and putting up a big tent for the skipper, with an extra cot for first-aid treatment and supplies.

"Just time for a swim before supper," called the skipper, when everything was shipshape. With whoops of joy the boys flung off their clothes and raced to the river. Malvin got to the swing first. He took hold of the round bar with both hands and kicked and swung himself out over the pool. Higher and higher he swung, his long legs flashing back and forth as the sun struck him. Some of the boys popped their heads out of the water and stood watching him breathlessly.

"Now!" shouted Malvin. He let go of the bar and shot like a white streak straight down to the middle of the deep pool.

"Good work," approved the skipper, as Malvin came spluttering and laughing to the surface. The boys scrambled for the swing, several of

them getting knocked into the river instead, while others played leapfrog on the bank and then performed tricks in the water.

"All back to tents," ordered the skipper, finally. The boys were reluctant to leave the sparkling river and the cool, deep pool; but the skipper hurried them up the bank, brandishing a long, leafy stick that he had picked up and tickling the boys with it as he chased them.

"Taps will blow at nine o'clock every night," the skipper told the boys as they devoured everything in sight that was eatable. "No noise in camp after taps. First call sounds at seven in the morning, and everyone must get up at once."

"Are we going to town?" asked Malvin.

"Yes, one boy can go each day. It is three miles each way. The boy that goes can mail letters, get the mail for camp, buy necessary supplies, and do any errands the rest want done. I will take the truck twice, while two older boys stay in camp."

The next morning, while Dave played reveille, Malvin put up the flag, planning it so that the flag reached the top of the pole just as the last note of the bugle sounded.

"Now clean tents, get ready for inspection, and then practice building fires and cooking," announced the skipper. "Ernest Baker and Bert Drew talked after nine last night, so tent number two does the kitchen-police work today."

A loud groan went up from the four boys in that tent, but for fear of further punishment they busily washed up and began preparations for the other meals. Ernest and Bert were made uncomfortable enough so that they would not care to offend again.

"We shall have practice in first-aid work every day," announced the skipper. "A Sea Scout must be able to care for the injured or to save lives on land or sea."

Some of the boys grumbled at the extra work this would mean, but they were quickly silenced by a well-directed dig from someone else's elbow or heel.

The days went by so fast that the boys felt that the two weeks had not been half long enough. They had been berrying, and the cook had made big blueberry pies for them. They had raced and romped, climbed trees, gone swimming, learned fancy diving, had contests

in knot-tying and signaling, had taken turns in building the fire and cooking, and had practiced all kinds of rescue work. Every day there was a good-natured fight for possession of the swing.

"I haven't had the swing half as much as you other fellows," grumbled Ernest Baker, the last morning of the camping trip.

"None of that now," warned Malvin, who had overheard him. "I saw you push young Grant away from it yesterday, and he's only half your size."

Ernest gave Malvin an ugly scowl, but he dared say no more, because the skipper approached them.

"Malvin, will you go to town this morning?" asked the skipper. "I must make up some accounts before we break camp. I wouldn't ask you to go again, but this mail is important."

"Certainly I'll go," readily agreed Malvin.

"He's a regular Scout," said the skipper, as Malvin got directions and hurried off, whistling cheerily. "Yesterday he helped Dave in his kitchen work because Dave had hurt his foot."

"Oh, yes, he's a tin angel," muttered Ernest. "He gets on the best side of everyone, but I

don't get any show at all. I should like to do what I want for once, and not have to obey rules like a baby."

Malvin decided that the walk seemed longer than usual on a hot morning, but he finished his errands and started back to camp still whistling, though his face was streaked with perspiration and his whistle was getting dry.

"Nearly to camp now," he encouraged himself as he approached the curve by the river. "Wish I could cool off by going into the pool, but it's against orders now until afternoon. Well, I'll be ready for a good big dinner anyway."

He turned the curve under the shadows of the trees on the river bank, when suddenly his foot caught in something. He tripped and fell headlong.

"Whew! I don't like the flavor of this dirt," he sputtered, as he got to his feet. His nose was bleeding, and one hand was scraped from a stone.

"Queer that I should fall there," he puzzled. "Now who was the mean fellow that planned that!" he exclaimed. His keen eyes had found the string that had been cleverly stretched in the

shadow across the road. "I wonder if Ernest bears me a grudge. Perhaps the young scamp is laughing at me now."

He wiped his face and looked up into the trees, but he could see no one hidden there. He walked nearer the river, half expecting to see a mocking face peering at him from the bushes. He looked longingly at the swing and the cool, tempting waters of the pool. As the sun fell on the pool he started. Surely he had seen something dark moving on the water! No, it must have been a shadow. He waited a moment in uncertainty.

"There it is! It's a head! It's one of the boys!" Malvin tore off his shoes and threw aside his coat, as the head disappeared again. He dove into the pool and put forth every ounce of his strength to reach the middle of it as the head reappeared. He grabbed the boy just as he was sinking again.

"It's Ernest!" The boy was apparently lifeless. Malvin grasped him and swam to the shore.

"He's pretty nearly gone," Malvin noted in alarm. "He's all dressed, boots and everything."

Malvin put his hands under the boy's stomach, and lifted him up so that some water came rushing out of his nose and mouth. Ernest lay like a limp piece of cloth.

"There's no one near. I must save him," thought Malvin, his heart thumping excitedly. He placed Ernest on the ground, laying him on his stomach, with one arm straight forward and the other one bent so that his head rested on it. He turned the boy's face on one side so that his nose and mouth would be free for breathing. Then he knelt down, facing Ernest's head, with one knee on each side of his body. He placed the palms of his hands on the short ribs across the lower part of the boy's back, with his thumbs nearly together. He worked swiftly, for time was precious.

"Now!" he encouraged himself. He held his arms straight and swung slowly forward, so that his weight gradually pressed down upon the unconscious boy.

"Out goes water, in comes air," he chanted as he swung back to remove the pressure on Ernest's body and let his chest expand to draw the air into his lungs.

"Out goes water, in comes air. I wish someone would come," said Malvin. He never ceased his steady swing back and forth, back and forth, timing it to the words the skipper had taught them in their life-saving practice.

"My arms are breaking. Lucky the skipper taught us this stuff. Wish we had a pulmotor, but we'll have one next year, skipper says. Guess I'm the pulmotor today." Malvin's thoughts raced on, his breath coming in short, hard gasps.

"Out goes water, in comes air. Malvin, pulmotor, Malvin, pulmotor," he chanted, trying to keep up his courage. There was no sign of life from Ernest. Malvin felt that his work must be useless, but he kept steadily on.

"Out goes water, I'll never give up! In comes air, he must live!" panted Malvin.

As if in answer, Ernest caught his breath, gasped, and his eyelids flickered.

"That's the boy! Get your breath! Come on, boy, breathe again!" Malvin was wild with hope, timing his swing with those fluttering gasps.

"What's the matter here?" The skipper's startled tones broke the silence of the woods.

"He's almost alive! There he comes! Now he's breathing!" Malvin rose to his feet, staggering from the long strain, as the skipper picked Ernest up in his arms and started for the camp.

The boys hurried to heat big stones in the camp fire and to wrap them in cloths so that they could be placed around the rescued boy. The skipper piled warm blankets over him, and before long a weak but smiling boy rewarded all their efforts.

"I went on the swing alone," confessed Ernest to the circle of interested but quiet boys around him. He looked at the skipper bravely. "I lost my balance and fell into the pool, and I guess my clothes were so heavy they tired me. I couldn't seem to reach the bank. I've been grumbling against the rules, but I guess all the grumble is knocked out of me. Maybe the rules are knocked in. Anyway I'm ready to take my medicine for not being a regular Scout."

"I think perhaps the water you swallowed is medicine enough," replied the skipper gravely. He looked at the boys, who nodded their agreement.

"But you don't know all I did," began Ernest, looking at Malvin.

"Don't tell all you know," quickly advised Malvin. He smiled significantly at the younger boy. "If you know how to be a regular Scout now, that's all anyone needs to know."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

When giving first aid for drowning, what four things must you keep in mind in placing the patient on the ground?

1.
2.
3.
4.

What bodily position must you take?

1.
2.
3.

How must you place your hands?

What movements must you make?

What do these do for the patient?

How must these movements be made?

Why did Malvin wish for a pulmotor?

After the patient begins to breathe, what must be done for him?

How did Malvin show that he was a "regular Scout"?

What changes should you expect to find in Ernest the next time he goes camping?

THE SPIRIT OF THE SUNSET

What are some of the things that make autumn beautiful? What makes the fall colors so gorgeous? See how the poem explains this.

When the aster wakes in the morning,
    In these sweet autumn days,
She sees the sumac burning,
    And the maples in a blaze,
And she rubs her eyes, bewildered,
    All in the golden haze.

Then: "No, — they still are standing;
They're not on fire at all" —
She softly says, when slowly
She sees some crimson fall,
And yellow flakes come floating
Down from the oaks so tall.
And then she knows the spirit
Of the sunset must have planned
The myriad bright surprises
That deck the dying land,
And she wonders if the sumac
And the maples understand.

MARY I. LOVEJOY[1]

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How does the poem explain the fall colors? Who gives this explanation? What is her first thought? Why? What causes her to change her explanation? What does she wonder?

Is there any part of the poem that you do not understand?

What expressive words did you enjoy?

[1] From Lovejoy and Adams, "Pieces for Every Month of the Year," published by Noble and Noble, New York.

FRIGHTENING THE INDIANS

You may want a story to tell on Halloween. See if this would be an interesting one to use. What does the title of the story make you want to find out?

When I was a little girl I liked to have my grandmother tell me stories about when she was a little girl. Best of all I liked stories about the Indians who lived in the forest not far from her home. One story in particular never failed to thrill me. When the pumpkins were being gathered, I would beg her to tell me how two little girls, Prudence and Endurance, frightened some Indians.

One October morning their father said to them, "Mother and I must go to the village today to get some flour and other provisions. Are you big enough to keep house for us while we are gone? We shall be back before dark, if all goes well; if we are not, bolt the door and close the shutters to the windows. You may sit up until we get back."

Prudence and Endurance were sure that they were big enough to keep house and would not be

afraid. They watched their parents mount their horses and ride away. Then they went into the house to finish the morning work.

After dinner they went to a field close by and began to roll the great orange pumpkins up to the barn. They stacked one upon another until they could hardly see over the golden pile.

When the little girls had gathered all the pumpkins, they took the two that their father had promised them and sat down behind the pile

to make jack-o'-lanterns. How fierce the faces looked, with their big eyes and grinning mouths!

When the last tooth was cut, Endurance ran to the house to get the candle ends that they had saved. While she was gone Prudence heard voices, and was about to jump up from behind the pumpkins to meet her father and mother when she heard an "Ugh, ugh!" She knew that no one but an Indian made that sound, so she carefully peeped from behind the pumpkin pile.

She was right. There, close to the barn, were two Indians. She saw at a glance that they did not belong to the friendly tribe that lived near. Their faces were covered with paint, and she knew that they were on the warpath.

Wild with terror she sank back on the ground behind the pumpkins. She dared not move for fear the Indians would see or hear her. Every moment she expected Endurance would come out of the house and be seen by the Indians. At this thought she again cautiously peeped from behind the pumpkins. She saw the Indians go into the barn. Soon they came out and disappeared into the woods behind the barn. Then Prudence sped to the house. She told Endurance what she had seen.

"Don't be afraid, sister," said Endurance, "the Indians are our friends. They will not hurt us."

"But, Endurance," said Prudence, "these are not our Indians. They were terrible! They had their faces all painted, and I know that they are on the warpath. I am sure that they will come back when it gets dark and burn our house and kill us! What can we do?"

They were brave children and soon had thought of a way to frighten the Indians, if they should return. They bolted the door, but left the shutters of one window open. Then they lighted their jack-o'-lanterns, put them on the floor below the open window, hid behind the shutters, and waited.

At last when it was quite dark they heard soft footsteps coming toward the house. Then they saw the shadowy forms of Indians creeping up to the window where they were. The girls watched and waited. When the Indians were close to the window, Prudence whispered "Now!" Then the girls raised the grinning faces of the lighted pumpkins.

With a yell of terror the Indians fled from the fiery monsters into the forest.

When their father and mother returned and the children had told them what had happened, Endurance and Prudence found themselves clasped close in the arms of their mother while their father whispered over and over again, "Oh, my brave little girls! my brave little girls!"

An Historical Incident

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How did the two little girls frighten the Indians?

Why were the Indians so much frightened by the jack-o'-lanterns?

Would this be a good story to tell on Halloween? If so, making an outline of the story will help you to tell the story well. Make an outline of the story by answering these questions:

I. Why were Prudence and Endurance left alone?
II. What happened during the day?
III. What did the children do that night?
IV. What was the result?

Which of the words, or adjectives, listed below best describes these two children?

obedient	loving	brave
helpful	timid	kind

THE RAT THAT COULD SPEAK

What kind of story do you usually tell or hear on Halloween? "The Rat that could Speak" is a story that Charles Dickens, a noted author, heard when he was a little boy. Perhaps you would like to tell this on Halloween.

There was once a shipwright, and he worked in a government shipyard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and *his* father's name before *him* was Chips, and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father sold himself to the devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had disposed of himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long, long time.

So one day, when young Chips was at work in the dock slip all alone, down in the dark hold

of a ship that was hauled up for repairs, the devil presented himself and remarked,

A lemon has pips,
And a yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!

Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the devil with saucer eyes that squinted on a terribly great scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever he winked his eyes showers of blue sparks came out, and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak.

So the devil said again,

A lemon has pips,
And a yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!

Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work.

"What are you doing, Chips?" asked the rat that could speak.

"I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten the old away," said Chips.

"But we'll eat them too," said the rat that could speak, "and we'll let in the water and drown the crew, and we'll eat them too."

Chips, being only a shipwright, and not a man-of-war's man, said, "You are welcome to it." But he couldn't keep his eyes off the half ton of copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweethearts, and shipwrights will run away with them whenever they can.

So the devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him."

Says Chips, "I like the copper and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat."

Says the devil, fiercely, "You can't have the metal without him, and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going."

Chips, afraid of losing the half ton of copper and the bushel of nails, then said, "Give us

hold!" So he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the devil vanished. Chips sold the copper, and he sold the nails, and he would have sold the pot, but wherever he offered it for sale the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it and would have nothing to say to the bargain.

So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and being at work in the yard one day with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot and filled it full.

Then he kept his eyes upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again and turned it back into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red-hot, and looking like red-hot glass instead of iron — yet there was the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said with a jeer,

A lemon has pips,
And a yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!

Chips now felt certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him. The rat, answering his thought, said, "I will — like pitch!" Now as the rat, when it had spoken, leaped out of the pot and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner time came, and the dock bell rang to stop work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat — not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat he found

another; and in his pocket handkerchief another; and in his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more.

And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the yard that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his room, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn chandler's daughter; and when he gave her a workbox he had made for her himself, a rat jumped out of it; so the marriage was broken off, though the banns were already twice put up — which the parish clerk remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman, a large fat rat ran over the leaf.

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips, but all this was not the worst. He knew, besides, what the rats were doing, wherever they were. So sometimes he would cry aloud when he was at his club at night, "Oh! Keep the rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or, "There's

one of them at the cheese downstairs!" Or other things of that sort. At last he was voted mad, and lost his work in the yard, and could get no other work.

But King George wanted men; so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead ready to sail. And the first thing he made out of her, as he got near, was the figure-head of the old ship where he had first seen the devil. She was called the *Argonaut*, and they rowed right under the bowsprit where the figure-head of the Argonaut, with a sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat that could speak, and his exact words were these, "Chips ahoy! Old Boy! We've pretty well eat them too, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll eat them too!"

This ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to, and angels will never love you. The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equaled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one

day he asked leave to speak to the admiral. The admiral gave leave. Chips went down on his knees in the great state cabin.

"Your honor, unless your honor, without a moment's loss of time, makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the *Coffin*!"

"Young man, your words are a madman's words."

"Your honor, no; they are nibbling us away."

"They?"

"Your honor, the dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your honor love your lady and your pet children?"

"Yes, my man; to be sure."

"Then, if you love them, make for the nearest shore, for at this moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight toward you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never see your lady and your children more."

"My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So he was bled and he was blistered, and he was this and that, for six whole days and nights. So then he again asked leave to speak to the admiral. The admiral gave leave and Chips said,

"Now, admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never wrong in their reckonings, and they make out that they'll be through at twelve tonight. So you must die, with me and all the rest!"

And so at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in and nothing could stop it, and all went down, every living soul. And what the rats, being water rats, left of Chips at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, that dived when Chips's body

touched the beach and never came up. And there was a deal of seaweed on poor Chips. And if you get thirteen bits of seaweed and dry them well and burn them in the fire, they will go off like these thirteen words as plain as plain can be,

A lemon has pips,
And a yard has ships,
And I've got Chips!

CHARLES DICKENS (*Adapted*)

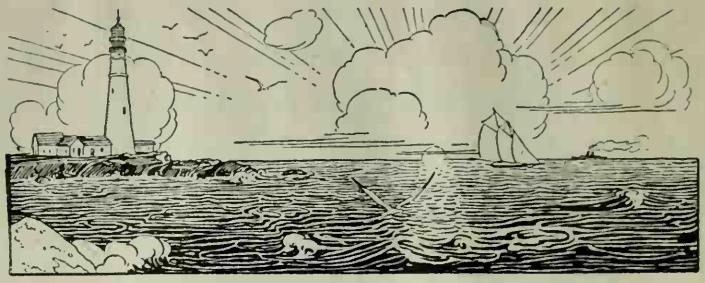
Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Would this be a good story to tell on Halloween? Why?

If your class should want to tell it, can you write questions which will suggest the main thoughts to be brought out? The first question might be, What had the Chips family done for many generations?

It would also help in the telling of the story to list all the unusual expressions you noticed.

What is the most thrilling part of the story? Prepare to read it.



I'D LIKE TO BE A LIGHTHOUSE

What does the title of this poem make you want to know?

I'd like to be a lighthouse
  All scrubbed and painted white.
I'd like to be a lighthouse
  And stay awake at night
To keep my eye on everything
  That sails my patch of sea;
I'd like to be a lighthouse
  With the ships all watching me.

RACHEL FIELD

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did you find out?

How many reasons are given? What are they? Which do you think is the best reason?

THE MYSTERIOUS OLD STONE MILL

Where are historical relics usually kept? One of the oldest relics in our country is an old stone mill in Newport, Rhode Island. Many interesting stories have been told as to who built this mysterious mill. Some of these stories are given in the following selection.

"Should you boys like to see one of the oldest mills in our country?" asked Mr. Bradley as he drove the car slowly through the wide streets of Newport.

"We want to see everything possible while we are in Rhode Island," replied David, promptly.

"Where is the mill?" asked Frank, the younger boy. "Why are you driving through the city? If it is an old mill I should think it would be somewhere out in the country."

"This mysterious old mill is in the middle of a small park," said Mr. Bradley. He drove up a hill to Touro Park and left the car on a side street.

"I don't see any mill," said David, in a puzzled tone, as the boys followed their father along the paths between the stretches of velvety green grass.

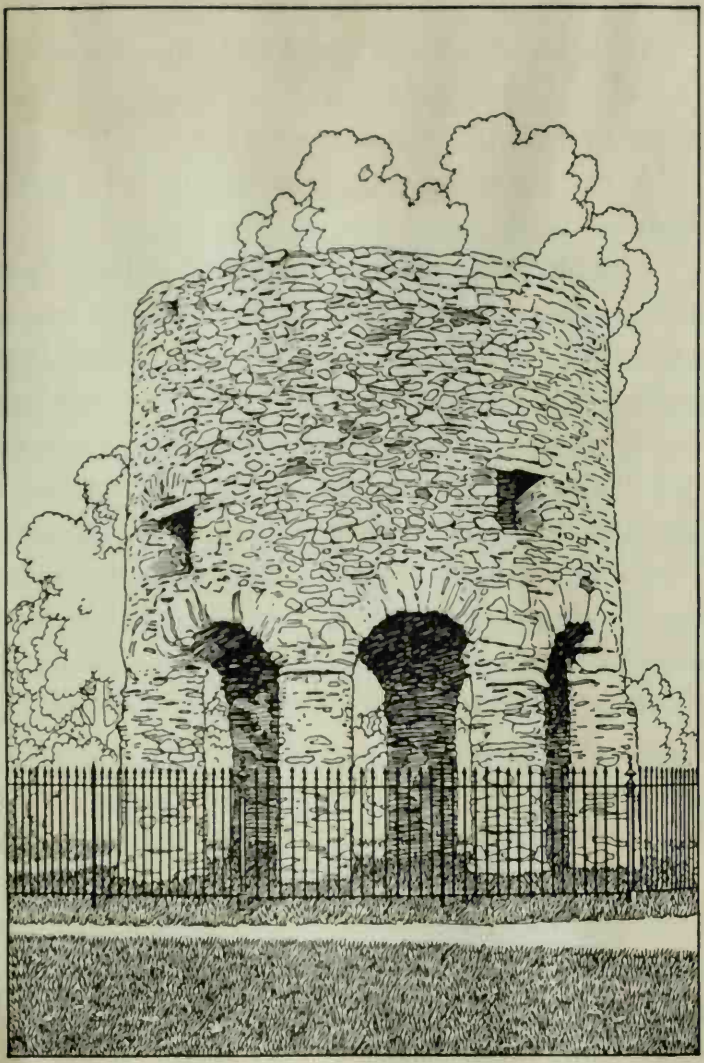
"What do you see?" asked Mr. Bradley, with a smile.

"I see a queer stone tower just ahead of us," said Frank. "Is that the mill you mean?"

The two boys stopped outside the iron fence that guarded the stone tower and looked at it curiously. It was a sturdy, round building about twenty-five feet high. There were eight columns that formed graceful arches under the body of the mill, and above these were a few small windows.

"Why did you call it mysterious?" asked David, thinking he should like to climb to the top of it.

"I called it mysterious because there has been so much mystery and argument about who built the old mill," replied Mr. Bradley. "Someone built it more than two hundred and fifty years ago. It is said to be one of the oldest buildings in the country. Thomas Wentworth Higginson said about it, 'It is the only thing on the Atlantic shore which has had time to forget its birthday.' The old mill has withstood terrible storms, hard use by the American soldiers, and attacks by the British."



"If those old stones could talk they could tell a lot of history," said Frank, as the boys and their father viewed the tower from all sides.

"What was the argument about it?" asked David.

"The old mill was first supposed to have been built by the early settlers of this state for use as a windmill," explained Mr. Bradley. "But later another story arose about it. Some people said that it was built by the Norsemen. They claimed that when the Norsemen visited this country, away back in the eleventh century, they wandered from the northern shore as far south as Rhode Island. It was thought that they built a temple here for their religious services, and this round tower was supposed to be the only part of the temple left standing."

"That would make it very, very old," said David, looking curiously at the gray stone building.

"Other people claimed that the tower was built in 1675 by Governor Benedict Arnold," continued Mr. Bradley. "In his will, which is dated 1677, he twice mentions his stone-built windmill. The argument concerning the old mill continued for years."

"Which story was right?" asked David.

"The records seem to point to the fact of its being Governor Arnold's windmill," said Mr. Bradley. "The first windmill in Rhode Island was erected at the time that he was governor, but it was a wooden one, and it was blown down in a great storm. The governor was probably responsible for the means of grinding grain, for this was an important process in the life of the early settlers. Much of their food supply depended on their having a mill. Benedict Arnold was born in Leamington, England, not far from Chesterton, where there was a famous stone windmill."

"Then the governor probably had this one built like the one he remembered," said David, quickly.

"Yes," agreed his father; "people who have compared the two mills have found them almost exactly alike. The governor probably thought that a stone mill would be stronger to withstand these eastern storms, and he naturally ordered it built like the Chesterton mill."

"What did you mean about the soldiers and the mill?" asked Frank. "It looks strong enough to resist all attacks."

"The British soldiers found that it was," said Mr. Bradley, with a laugh. "They suspected that the old mill was used for a place to signal from during the Revolutionary War. You can see that it might be possible for someone to hide there and to use lights as signals. So the soldiers decided to tear it down."

"It doesn't look as if they hurt it much," said David, looking at the thickness of the heavy stone and cement walls.

"They didn't," said Mr. Bradley. "The old mill was about a hundred years old then, but it was built so strongly that the British gave up the attempt to wreck it."

"What did the Americans do to it?" asked Frank, recalling his father's words.

"It is said that they used the mill for a fort, a retreat, a lookout, a watchtower, a powder house, and a place for the storage of hay," replied Mr. Bradley.

"Well, is that all?" said David. "The old mill has certainly led a busy life."

"That is why I wanted you to see it," replied his father as they started for the car. "People finally realized that a building which was so old

and so full of history as this old mill was a valuable relic of America's early days. Now the Old Stone Mill is protected and cherished as one of Rhode Island's greatest treasures."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

If you can choose the right ending to these sentences, it will show you how well you have read "The Mysterious Old Stone Mill."

The Mysterious Old Stone Mill is
- out in the country
- in a park
- in a museum

It was probably built
- by Governor Benedict Arnold
- by the Norsemen
- by English soldiers

It was built to be used as
- a place of worship
- a fort
- a mill

It is preserved now as
- a valuable relic
- a watchtower
- a fort

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR

This story is taken from a book called "Black Beauty." Black Beauty is the name of a horse that is supposed to be writing the book. Find out by reading this story which word, or adjective, best describes Black Beauty.

fleet	powerful	slow
kind	intelligent	strong

One night, a few days after James had left, I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by the stable bell ringing very loudly. I heard the door of John's house open, and his feet running up to the Hall. He was back again in no time. He unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if ever you did." And almost before I could think, he had got the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He just ran around for his coat, and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life—that is, for your mistress's life. There is not a moment to lose. Give this note to Dr. White.

Give your horse a rest at the Inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. The gardener, who lived at the lodge, had heard the bell ring and was ready with the gate open. Away we went through the Park and through the village, and down the hill till we came to the tollgate. John called very loud and thumped upon the door. The man was soon out and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the Doctor. Here's the money," and off we went again.

There was before us a long piece of level road by the riverside. John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did. I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground. I don't believe that my old grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket, could have gone faster. When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck.

"Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast

as before. The air was frosty, the moon was bright. It was very pleasant. We came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill, then downhill, till after an eight-mile run we came to the town, through the streets, and into the Market Place. It was all quite still except for the clatter of my feet on the stones — everybody was asleep. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Dr. White's door. John rang the bell twice and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up, and Dr. White, in his nightcap, put his head out and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir. Master wants you to go at once. He thinks she will die if you cannot get there. Here is a note."

"Wait," he said; "I will come."

He shut the window, and was soon at the door.

"The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up. My son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? May I have your horse?"

"He has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here, but I think my master would not be against it if you think fit, sir."

"All right," he said; "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck. I was very hot. The Doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops. Take care of him, sir, if you can. I should not like any harm to come to him."

"No! no! John," said the Doctor, "I hope not," and soon we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back. The Doctor was a heavier man than John and not so good a rider. However, I did my very best. The man at the tollgate had it open. When we came to the hill, the Doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad he did, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me on, and soon we were in the Park.

Joe was at the lodge gate. My master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word. The Doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable. I was glad to get home. My legs shook under me, and I could only stand and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, the water ran down my legs, and I steamed all over — as Joe used to say — like a pot on the fire.

Poor Joe! he was young and small, and as yet he knew very little. His father, who would have helped him, had been sent to the next village. But I am sure Joe did the very best he knew. He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me. He thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then

he gave me a pailful of water to drink. It was cold and very good, and I drank it all. Then he gave me some hay and some corn, and thinking he had done right, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble and turned deadly cold. My legs ached, my loins ached, and my chest ached, and I felt sore all over. Oh, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth as I stood and trembled! I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk, so I lay down in my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door. I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me. I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know it all. He covered me up with two or three warm cloths and then ran to the house for some hot water. He made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too; boys are no good." But Joe was a good boy, after all.

I was now very ill. A strong inflammation had attacked my lungs, and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me night and day. He would get up two or three times in the night to come to me. My master, too, often came to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress's life, Beauty; yes, you saved her life!"

I was very glad to hear that, for it seems the Doctor had said that if we had been a little longer it would have been too late. John told my master he never saw a horse go so fast in his life. It seemed as if the horse knew what was the matter. Of course I did, though John thought not; at least I knew as much as this, that John and I must go at the top of our speed, and that it was for the sake of the mistress.

ANNA SEWELL (*from* "Black Beauty")

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Which word, or adjective, did you choose? Why?

Which of these words, or adjectives, should you use to describe John?

cruel	wise	polite
loyal	kind	thoughtful

Prove that your adjective is a good one to use.

Which word, or adjective, should you use to describe Joe?

ignorant	cruel	thoughtless
unkind	sleepy	stupid

MR. NOBODY

Do strange things ever happen at your house, such as the door being left open or a cap disappearing? This poem tells about strange happenings, and it also tells who is to blame for them. What should you like to find out from the poem?

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

Author Unknown

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What strange happenings does the poem describe? Who is blamed for these?

What is the real explanation?

What does Mr. Nobody do most frequently at your house? Draw a picture of this. In class see if someone can read the part of the poem which your picture illustrates.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Whenever a noted person from another country visits America, one of the first things he does is to lay a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. Prominent Americans do the same thing when visiting the countries that fought with us in the World War. Why do they do this? What were the first ceremonies with which the people of these countries honored their unknown dead? This selection will answer these questions.

Many a famous man fell on the field of battle in the World War, and his grave is honored by his friends and his country. The graves of fathers and brothers, sons and husbands, are carefully marked and cared for by the people who loved them. But there are thousands of soldiers who died and were buried and whose names were never known. From many homes loved ones went forth to the battlefield to fight bravely and to die like heroes, but no one knows where their bodies lie.

It was for this reason that the various nations decided to honor all these unknown heroes by paying their highest tribute to the body of one of these unknown dead. Each country chose

one coffin from the many which bore the unrecognized bodies, and on Armistice Day honored all their unknown dead by services for this Unknown Soldier.

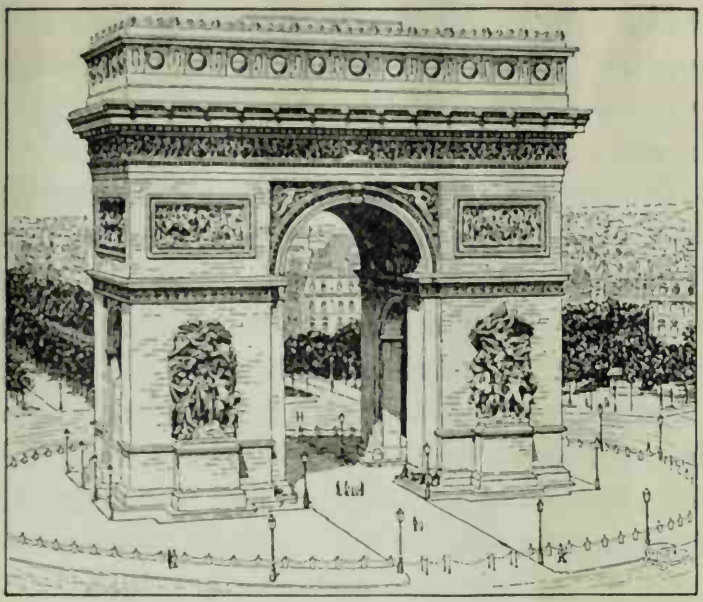
When England honored her unknown dead on November 11, 1920, it was an occasion of solemn tribute from all the people. The Unknown Warrior was brought from his grave in Flanders to the heart of London. There his coming was awaited by the king and the princes, generals and admirals, archbishop and bishop, ministers of state, and a multitude of men and women.

The body of the Unknown Soldier was taken to Westminster Abbey for burial. In the dim and quiet Abbey sad-eyed mothers waited in black-clad rows. The great doors opened, and the queen of England, the queen-mother, and the queens of Spain and Norway came in reverently. Then to the sound of solemn, throbbing drums the coffin was borne slowly and steadily into the church by eight guardsmen. The coffin was followed by the king, and behind him came the princes, admirals, generals, and other distinguished people, gathered to do honor "to the knighthood of the Common Man."

As the dean's voice spoke the words "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the king took from a silver shell some earth from the battlefields of France and cast it upon the coffin.

Prayers were softly chanted while the coffin was lowered into the grave of honor in the old Abbey, the resting place of Britain's glorious dead. The grave was filled in with earth which had been brought from France. On the stone over the grave are the words "A British Warrior who fell in the Great War, 1914–1918, for King and Country. Greater love hath no man than this."

On this same Armistice Day France also honored her Unknown Warrior who was the symbol for the many who had died for their country. The coffin was brought to Paris from the battlefields by careful, tender hands. It was set on a gun carriage and draped with the tricolor. It was drawn through great crowds of people, who watched its slow passing with dim, remembering eyes. Behind the coffin walked President Millerand, Marshal Foch, Marshal Joffre, and other generals and statesmen. Children gazed with wondering eyes, women



The Arc de Triomphe

knelt on the pavement as the coffin passed, men bowed their heads, mothers wept silently, and soldiers saluted their comrade.

The procession went to the beautiful Arc de Triomphe, and under this great arch the Unknown Soldier was buried with fitting services. Then the instruments of the massed bands played the mighty chorus of a song to the departed, ending with the thrilling tones of the "Marseillaise." At the grave stood a low pedestal, and on top

of this a flame was lighted, to be kept constantly burning, a perpetual fire to honor the soldiers who carried high the brightly burning torch of courage.

On Armistice Day of the following year, 1921, the United States buried the American Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery. The coffin had been chosen from four earth-stained ones brought from the four American military cemeteries in France. This plain soldier, unknown, but honored as perhaps no American had been before him, because he had died for the flag in France, lay in a place where only the martyred presidents — Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley — have lain.

He kept lonely watch, lying in state under the vast, shadowy dome of the Capitol. Only the motionless figures of five armed comrades, one at the head and one facing inward at each corner of the casket, kept watch with him. But, far above, the brooding figure of Freedom watched too, as though it said "Well done!" to the soldier who had been faithful unto death.

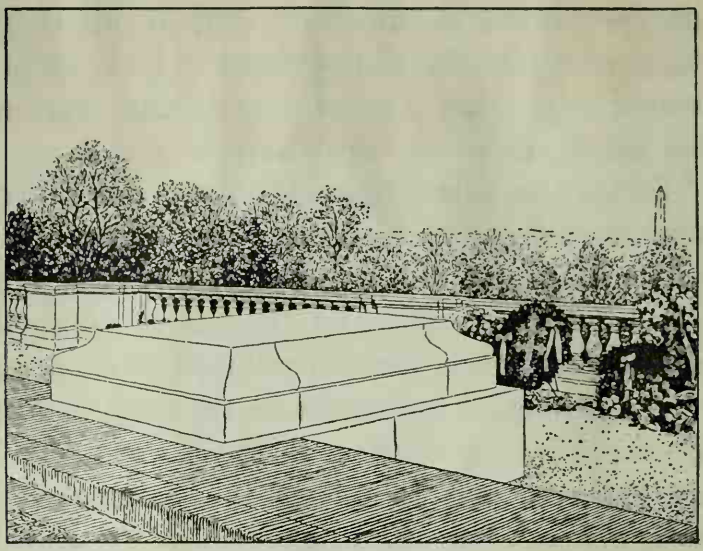
America's unknown dead was home from France at last, and the nation had no honor too great for him. In honoring him it paid its

greatest tribute of pride and glory to all those sleeping on the far soil of France. It was their home-coming, their day of days in the heart of the nation, and they must have known it.

Before the burial there were services in the amphitheater at Arlington. Just before the stroke of twelve the trumpet call to attention sounded three times, and the mass of people bowed their heads for two minutes of silence.

The feeling of the people at the services was expressed by one of them in these words, "We are gathered not to mourn the passing of a great general, but of an unknown soldier of the Republic, who fought for a great cause to which he gave his life. Whether he came from the North, the South, the East, or the West, we do not know. Neither do we know his name, his family, or any other fact relating to his life or death, but we do know that he was a typical American who answered to his country's call, and that he now sleeps with heroes."

At the end of the services of song and prayer the casket of the Unknown Soldier was borne to the white tomb which had been erected at the foot of the white steps leading into the



The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arlington

amphitheater. The casket was preceded by the clergy, and followed by President Harding and many other noted people.

The patient crowds covered the cemetery, thousands and thousands of people, standing on the wooded slopes and beautiful open spaces of Arlington as far as the eye could see. At the foot of the hill, beyond the fields gray and brown in their peaceful November coloring, stretched the broad river. Across it towered the city of Washington, its three great landmarks fully

revealed, — the pillar of the Lincoln Memorial, the shaft of the Washington Monument, the dome of the Capitol, — all rising dazzling white as driven snow against a sky of celestial blue.

After the reading of the burial service by the chaplain, beautiful wreaths, given by the War Mothers of America and England, and other floral tributes were placed on the tomb. Chief Plenty Coos, representing the Indians of the United States, laid his coupstick and war bonnet of brilliant feathers beside the fragrant flowers. Then the guns gave their last salute, which echoed among the hills. This was followed by the quiet farewell notes of taps, which drifted over the silent people and the grave of America's heroic, unknown dead like a lingering benediction.

Belgium's unknown dead were honored in Brussels on Armistice Day in the year 1922. The body of the Unknown Warrior was chosen from five unidentified war dead by a soldier who was blinded in the war. The body arrived at Brussels in the morning, and King Albert and Crown Prince Leopold were at the station when the funeral train arrived. They stood rigidly at

salute as the flag-covered coffin was brought out. It was placed upon a gun carriage by ten disabled soldiers, five of whom had lost their left arms in the war, and five their right arms.

The burial ceremony took place at Parliament Square, and Queen Elizabeth, Princess Charlotte, Cardinal Mercier, and the foreign ambassadors were waiting near the tomb. The casket was taken from the gun carriage and lowered into the tomb by the disabled veterans, while a solemn silence and the bowed heads of the reverent people honored the dead hero. Then King Albert spoke briefly, recalling Belgium's part in the war, personified by the Unknown Soldier.

The grave was made at the foot of the great Column of Congress, which towers a hundred and fifty feet in the air and overlooks the city. The Unknown Soldier was laid to rest between the two massive lions which guard the foot of the column, and at the grave is a carved pedestal where an ever-burning light honors his memory.

Thus in their own ways did the various nations honor their unknown soldier heroes,

at different times and at different places, yet with the same solemn purpose and the same great reverence back of the various ceremonies. The unknown dead will never be forgotten, for the Unknown Soldier of each country is the symbol of every unknown hero. He died "nameless, yet his name liveth forever."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What reasons can you give for paying tribute to the Unknown Soldier?

What memorials to the Unknown Soldier do you know of?

GLORY GOLDIE'S FISHING

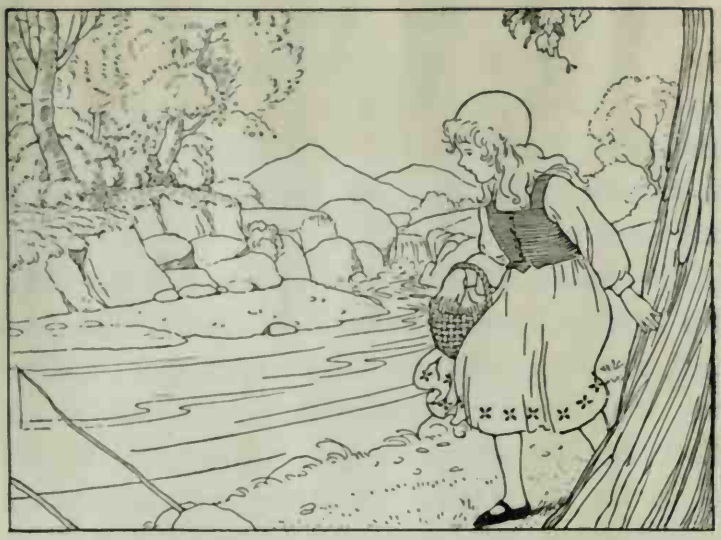
What kind of fish have you caught? Where did you go to catch them? What did you use for bait? What kind of bait do you suppose Glory Goldie used in her fishing?

I

It would hardly have been possible for anyone else to be so fond of the little girl as her father was, but it may be truly said that she had a devoted friend in Olen, the old seine-maker.

This is the way they came to be friends. Glory Goldie had taken to setting out fishing poles in the brook for the small salmon trout that lived there, and the very first day she brought home a couple of fine fish.

Goldie felt elated over her success, as may be imagined, and was praised by her mother for being able to provide food for the family, though only a little girl of eight. To encourage the child, her mother let her clean and fry the fish. Her father ate some of it and declared that he had never tasted the like of the dish, which was the plain truth. For the fish were so bony and dry that the little girl herself could scarcely swallow a bit.



For all that the little girl was just as interested as ever in her fishing. She left every morning at the same time as her father, a basket on her arm and the worms to bait her hooks stuffed in a little tin box.

Thus equipped, she went off to the brook, which came gushing down the rocky steep in numerous falls and rapids, between which were short stretches of dark, still water and places where the stream ran crystal clear over a bed of sand and smooth stones.

Think of it! After the first week she had no

luck with the fishing. When she came down in the morning the worms were gone from all the hooks, but no fish hung there. She shifted her line from rapid to still water, from still water to rippling falls, and she changed her hooks — but with no better results.

She asked the boys if they did not rise with the lark and carry off her fish. A question like that the boys did not deign to answer; for no boy would stoop to take fish from the brook when he had all Dove Lake to fish in. It was all right, they said, for little girls, who were not allowed to go down to the lake, to run about hunting fish in the woods. But in spite of the airs of the boys, the little girl did not wholly believe them.

"Surely someone must take the fish off my hooks!" she said to herself. They were real hooks too, and not just bent pins. In order to satisfy herself, she arose one morning before her father and mother were awake and ran over to the brook. Near the stream she walked more slowly, taking very short, cautious steps, so as not to slip on the stones or to rustle the bushes. Then, all at once, her whole body became numb.

At the edge of the brook, on the very spot where she had set out her poles the day before, stood a fish thief tampering with her lines. It was not one of the boys, as she had supposed, but a grown man, who was just then bending over the water drawing up a fish.

Little Glory Goldie was never afraid. She rushed up to the thief and caught him in the act.

"So you're the one who comes here and takes my fish!" she said. "It's a good thing I've run across you at last, so we can put a stop to this stealing."

The man raised his head, and now Glory Goldie saw his face. It was the old seine-maker, one of the neighbors.

"Yes, I know this is your line," the man admitted, without getting angry or excited, as most people do when scolded for wrongdoing.

"But how can you take what isn't yours?" asked the puzzled youngster.

The man looked straight at her. She never forgot that look; she seemed to be peering into two open and empty caverns, at the back of which were a pair of half-dead eyes beyond the power of showing either joy or grief.

"Well, I know that you get what you need from your parents and that you fish only for the fun of it, while at my home we are starving," he replied.

The little girl flushed. She now felt ashamed.

The seine-maker said nothing further, but picked up his cap, which had dropped from his head while he was bending over the fishing poles, and went his way. A couple of fish lay flopping on the ground, but Glory Goldie did not take them up. After she had stood a while looking at them she kicked them back into the water.

II

All that day the little girl felt displeased with herself without knowing why. For, indeed, it was not she who had done wrong. She could not get the seine-maker out of her thoughts. The old man was said to have been rich at one time; he had owned seven big farms. But in some unknown way he had lost his property and was now very poor.

However, the next morning Glory Goldie went over to the brook as usual. This time no one had touched her hooks, for now there was a fish at the

end of every line. She took off the fish and laid them in her basket, but instead of going home with her catch she went to the seine-maker's cabin.

When the little girl arrived with her basket, the old man was out in the yard cutting wood. She stood at the stile a moment, watching him, before stepping over. He looked pitifully poor and ragged. Her father had never appeared so shabby. The little girl had heard that some well-to-do people had offered the seine-maker a home for life; but he had preferred to live with his daughter-in-law, who made her home in the Ashdales, so as to help her in any way he could. The woman had a number of little children, and her husband, who had deserted her, was supposed to be dead.

"Today there were fish on the hooks!" shouted the little girl from the stile.

"You don't tell me!" said the seine-maker.

"I'll gladly give you all the fish I catch," she told him, "if I'm only allowed to do the fishing myself." So saying, she went up to the seine-maker and emptied the contents of her basket on the ground, expecting, of course, that he would be pleased.

"You can keep what's yours," he said. "We are used to going hungry here, and we can get on without your few little fishes."

There was something so much out of the common about this poor old man that Glory Goldie was anxious to win him for a friend.

"You may take the fish off and stick the worms on the hooks, if you like," said she, "and you may have all the line and everything."

"Thanks," returned the old man. "But I'll not deprive you of your pleasure."

Glory Goldie was determined not to go until she had thought out a way of satisfying him.

"Should you like to have me come and call for you every morning, so that we can draw up the lines together and divide the catch, you to get half—and I half?" she asked.

Then the old man stopped chopping. He turned his strange, half-dead eyes toward the child, and the shadow of a smile crossed his face.

"Ah, now you put on the right bait!" he said. "I'll not say no to that."

And this was how Glory Goldie made friends with the seine-maker Olen.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What kind of bait did Glory Goldie use?

What did she catch with this bait?

Find the part that proves that Glory Goldie's father tried not to hurt her feelings.

Why wouldn't the seine-maker accept the fish Glory Goldie brought him?

What kind of man was Olen? Prove it.

What kind of child was Glory Goldie? Prove it.

To see how well you have read this story, underline *True* if the statement is true; underline *False* if the statement is false. The story said that

1. Glory Goldie had a friend who loved her better than her father. *True* *False*
2. The boys would not stoop to take the fish from her hooks. *True* *False*
3. Glory Goldie caught salmon trout. *True* *False*
4. Glory Goldie needed the fish she caught for food. *True* *False*
5. Olen did not get angry when he was scolded. *True* *False*
6. Glory Goldie told Olen that she did not want to do the fishing herself. *True* *False*
7. The seine-maker told the truth. *True* *False*
8. Glory Goldie did not succeed in making friends with Olen. *True* *False*
9. Olen, the seine-maker, said that he did not know the fish belonged to Glory Goldie. *True* *False*
10. The little girl was determined to have Olen take her fish. *True* *False*

A SHOOTING STAR

Have you ever seen what looks like a star shoot through the sky? Should you like to know what makes a shooting star "shoot," and where it goes?

"It is exciting to be out after dark. Everything looks so different," said Dorothy Martin, with a pleased smile. The November night was clear and cold, with a thin frosting of snow on the brown earth.

"Look up at the sky," said Mrs. Martin. "The stars are beautiful tonight. The dark sky is almost covered with sparkling jewels."

"Oh, mother, one star fell down!" Dorothy stopped so short that her brother, who was walking behind her, almost fell over her.

"I saw it! I wished on it!" cried Norman, who was older. "It is lucky to wish on a shooting star," he explained to his sister.

"But what made the star fall?" asked Dorothy. "I did not know that stars ever fell. I thought that they were fastened up to the sky."

Norman laughed to show that he knew better.

"We must go home now," urged Mrs. Martin, for the little girl was still looking at the stars. "There will be just time enough for one story before bedtime, and I will tell you about the shooting stars."

When they reached home the children hurried to hang up their hats and coats while their mother piled fresh logs on the fire. Norman stretched himself on the rug, and Dorothy drew her small chair close to her mother's in front of the fireplace.

"The sparks of the fire look like shooting stars," said Dorothy; "only the sparks go up."

"Yes; the shooting stars are somewhat like the sparks," said her mother. "They are a burning substance in the air. Some of them burn away like a candle, and we see them for only a second just as we see a spark in the fireplace."

"What are the shooting stars made of?" asked Norman, as he watched the pictures in the fire.

"The shooting stars, as we call them, are really rocks," said Mrs. Martin. She smiled at the surprised look on the children's faces.

"Rocks! I didn't know there were rocks in

the sky!" cried Dorothy. "I should think they would fall down to the earth!"

"They do sometimes," said Mrs. Martin. "The shooting stars are really meteors, and a meteor is a rock."

"But how can a rock shine like a star?" asked Norman. He looked at his mother admiringly. She knew a great many things.

"The meteor looks like a bright star to us because it rushes through the air so fast that it gets very hot. The smaller meteors burn away, and we see them for only a second as Dorothy did tonight. Parts of the bigger ones reach the earth. Sometimes they strike the earth with such force that they make a big hole and go far down into the ground."

"Then shooting stars are not really stars," said Norman.

"No," replied his mother; "but we have called them that because to us on the earth they look like falling, or shooting, stars. The right name for them is meteors. Many of these meteors are believed to be parts of a comet which has broken into smaller pieces. A comet travels around the sun, and these smaller pieces,

or meteors, travel in the same path that the comet used to travel."

"I wonder why I never noticed one before," said Dorothy.

"This month is the best time to watch for meteors, or shooting stars," said Mrs. Martin, "because in November the earth crosses the path of a group of meteors called the Leonids. That is why we saw one clearly tonight."

"I am going to watch every night for some more," said Norman.

"Is it really lucky to wish on a shooting star?" asked Dorothy.

"I don't believe that a star has much to do with our being lucky or unlucky," said Mrs. Martin, with an amused smile, "but there have been many strange beliefs in connection with these shooting stars. People of the olden times were very much afraid of them and believed that they were a sign of trouble.

"One Indian tribe called the shooting stars the children of the moon. The young women were afraid to look at them. They covered their faces quickly, because they thought the light from a shooting star would make them ugly."

"Oh, I could never believe anything like that!" said Dorothy, with a laugh.

"Another belief was that the shooting star was the old woman who lived in the moon on her way down to earth. She came to earth to catch someone to do her work for her, so that she could go away to the happy spirit land.

"Other people of savage tribes thought that the shooting stars were sticks of fire thrown out of the sky by an evil spirit. Whenever the people saw a shooting star they would run and hide so that the evil spirit could not find them."

"Wouldn't it seem funny to run away from a star!" exclaimed Norman.

"One of the old tribes had a pleasanter idea about these stars," said Mrs. Martin. "They believed that after Indians died they went to a place among the stars. To reach this happy place they had to climb a rope. When they had climbed up to heaven they let go of the rope, and as it fell it looked to people on the earth like a falling star."

"It is fun to know old beliefs," said Norman, "but I'm glad that we live in times when we are finding out about things."

"That's why we aren't afraid of the stars," said Dorothy as she started upstairs with her mother. "I had much rather know what they really are, but it is fun to wish on a shooting star."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

If you can choose the right ending to these sentences, it will show you how well you have read "A Shooting Star."

The correct name for a shooting star is
- a falling star
- a meteor
- a star

A meteor is
- a rock
- a sun
- a moon

One can see meteors best during
- March
- June
- November

A meteor looks bright because it
- is hot
- is far away
- shines like the sun

WE THANK THEE

Would this be a good poem to use at Thanksgiving time?

For flow'rs that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees.
For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything His Goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Would it be good to use for Thanksgiving? Why? What makes it beautiful?

DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

This story is taken from a book which many of you have read, and probably all of you have heard of. The book is called "Alice in Wonderland." It has been one of the books which children have said that they liked best.

Read this part of the book, "Down the Rabbit Hole," and see why you think it was chosen for this reader.

Alice was getting very tired of sitting beside her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it. "And what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

The hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid. She wondered whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very strange in seeing a white rabbit; neither did Alice think it so very remarkable to hear the Rabbit say, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!" But when

the Rabbit took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet. She had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it, so she jumped up and ran quickly across the field after it. She was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down the hole went Alice after it. She never once thought how she was to get out again. The rabbit hole went straight on for some distance, and then dipped suddenly down. Alice had not a moment to think about stopping, before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

The well must have been very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. She tried to look down to see what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything. Then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves. Here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the

shelves as she passed. It was labeled "Orange Marmalade," but to her great disappointment it was empty. She did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so she managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they will all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down she went. Would the fall never come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I have fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth." Still she kept on falling. "Dear me! I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it will seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is. 'Please, ma'am,' I shall say, 'is this New Zealand? or Australia?' No, it will never do to ask. Perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere," when suddenly thump! thump!

down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt. She jumped to her feet and looked up, but it was all dark overhead. Before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. Away went Alice like the wind. She was close behind the Rabbit when she turned a corner; then the Rabbit was no longer to be seen. Alice found herself in a long, low hall with doors on either side, but they were all locked. She walked sadly down the middle of the hall, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass. There was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, which Alice thought might belong to one of the doors of the hall. Alas! either the locks were too large or the key was too small. It would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain, and behind it was a little door. She tried the little key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a

rat hole. She knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway! "And even if my head could go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope!"

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes. This time she found a little bottle on the table, and tied around the neck of the bottle was a paper with the words "Drink me" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

"I'll look first," said Alice, "and see whether it is marked 'poison.'" However, this bottle was not marked "poison," so Alice tasted it, and finding it very nice, she soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice. "I must be shutting up like a telescope!"

And so she was indeed. She was now only ten

inches high, just the right size for going through the little door into the lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further. After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once. Alas! when she got to the door she found that she had forgotten the little golden key; and when she went back to the table for it she found she could not possibly reach it. She could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery. When she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

Soon, however, her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table. She opened it, and found in it a very small cake on which the words "Eat me" were marked in currants. "Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, "and if it makes me grow larger I can reach the key, and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door. Either way I'll get into the garden."

She ate a little bit and said anxiously to herself, "Which way? Which way?" holding

her hand on the top of her head to feel which way she was growing. She was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice. "Now I am opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-by, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I am sure I shall not be able! You must manage the best way you can."

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall. In fact she was now more than nine feet high. She at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door. Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye. But to get through was more hopeless than ever, so she sat down and began to cry again. She shed gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all around her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of

feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of anyone, so when the Rabbit came near her, she said, "If you please, sir—"

The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as fast as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning as she talked to herself. All at once she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's gloves. "How can I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing small again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high and rapidly growing smaller. She soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, so she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from disappearing altogether.

"That *was* a narrow escape!" said Alice. As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment *splash!* she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, but she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now by being drowned in my own tears. That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer today."

LEWIS CARROLL (*Adapted*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think this selection was chosen for your book?

What adjective do you think best describes this story?

queer	true	exciting
uninteresting	humorous	sad

What are some of the parts of the story which you liked best? Prepare to read them aloud.

Should you like to read more about Alice?

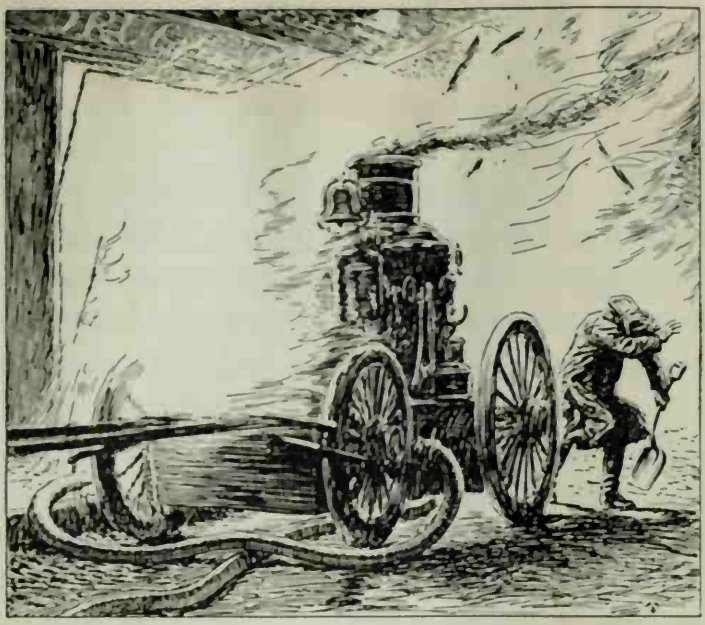
BILL BROWN'S TEST

You all have taken tests. Do you suppose Bill Brown's test was like those that you have taken?

All firemen have courage, but it cannot be known until the test how many have this particular kind — Bill Brown's kind.

What happened was this. Engine 29, pumping and pounding her prettiest, stood at the northwest corner of Greenwich and Warren streets, so close to the blazing drug house that Driver Marks thought it wasn't safe there for the three horses and led them away. That was fortunate; but it left Brown alone, close to the fire, watching his boiler, shoveling in coal, keeping his steam gauge at seventy-five. Soon pieces of red-hot sandstone began to smash down on the engine. Brown ran his steam up to eighty, and anxiously watched the door where the boys had gone in.

Then the explosion came, and a blue flame, wide as a house, curled its tongues halfway across the street, circling engine and man, setting fire to the elevated railway station overhead, or such wreck of it as the shock had left.



Bill Brown stood by his engine, with a wall of fire before him and a sheet of fire above him. He heard quick footsteps on the pavements, and voices, that grew fainter and fainter, crying, "Run for your lives!" He heard the hose-wagon horses somewhere back in the smoke go plunging away, mad with fright and with their burns. He was alone with the fire, and the skin was hanging in pieces on his hands, face, and neck. Only a fireman knows how one blast of flame

can shrivel up a man, and the pain over the bared surfaces was — well, there is no pain worse than that of fire scorching in upon the quick flesh seared by fire.

Here, I think, was a crisis to make a very brave man fear. Bill Brown knew perfectly well why everyone was running; there was going to be another explosion in a couple of minutes, maybe sooner, and the order had come for every man to save himself, and every man had done it except the lads inside. And the question was, Should he run or should he stay and die? It was fairly certain that he would die if he stayed. On the other hand, the boys of old 29 were in there, his friends, his chums. He'd seen them drag the hose in through that door, — there it was now, a long, throbbing snake of it, — and they hadn't come out. Perhaps they were dead. Yes, but perhaps they weren't. If they were alive, they needed water now more than they had ever needed anything before. And they couldn't get water if he quit his engine.

Bill Brown thought of this a long time, perhaps four seconds; then he fell to shoveling in coal, and he screwed her up another notch, and

he eased her running parts with the oiler. Explosion or not, pain or not, alone or not, he was going to stay and make that engine hum. He had done the greatest thing a man can do — had offered his life for his friends.

It is pleasant to know that his sacrifice was averted. A quarter of a minute or so before the second and terrible explosion, the men came staggering from the building. Then it was, but not until then, that Bill Brown left Engine 29 to her fate (she was crushed by the falling walls), and ran for his life with his comrades. He had waited for them; he had stood the great test.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What was Bill Brown's test? Why do you think this story was selected for this reader? What changes have been made in fire-fighting apparatus since this fire happened?

THE MAN WHO SAID "WHAT CAN I DO?"

Benjamin Franklin was one of the kind of citizens who said "What can I do?" This story will tell you some of the useful things this citizen did.

Probably one of the best citizens this country ever had was a printer by the name of Benjamin Franklin, who lived in Philadelphia many years ago. He did not think that a man had to wait until he was a wealthy landowner or a mayor before he could do things for his city. His idea of a good citizen was a person who was always trying to find ways to make the lives of his neighbors easier and happier. He thought of their homes and their business, their health and their safety, and he said "What can I do to help my neighbors and benefit my city?"

He was very proud of his city of Philadelphia, though he had no idea of how proud the city was going to be of him in later years, when his name was honored all over the world. He was willing to work hard to make his city the safest, cleanest, and best city in the whole country. He noticed what the people of his city needed, and then he

used his brain and his pen, his time and his strength, to bring it to pass.

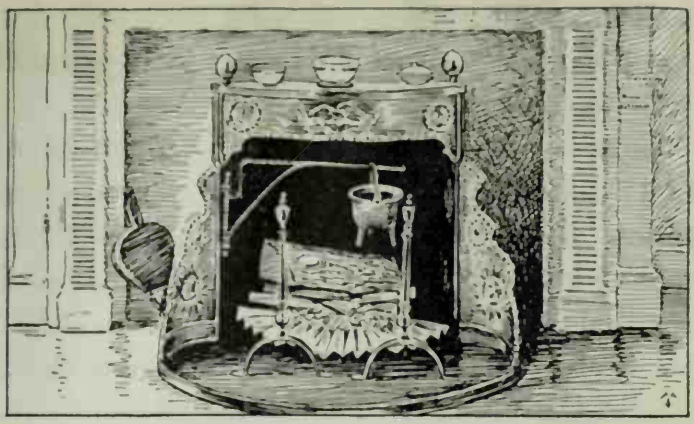
You can imagine how dark the streets of Philadelphia must have been at night without a single light. Few people dared to venture out in the evening. One of Franklin's neighbors, feeling that the dark streets were unsafe, placed a lamp outside his door. At once Franklin praised the idea and planned to follow his friend's example. He noticed that the lamp was soon smoky and dim, and that the glass was easily broken. After some thought on the matter he invented a lamp with four flat sides of glass, having an air space below and a funnel above them. This lamp did not smoke, and it burned brightly until morning. When these lamps were placed outside the doors, the people were so pleased with the cheerfulness of the streets at night that it was finally decided to light the whole city in this way.

Another thing that Franklin felt was greatly needed by his neighbors was a better method of heating the houses. Everyone dreaded the long winters. Even the huge fireplace in the kitchen did not keep the whole room warm, and the bedrooms were often without any heat. The rooms

without fireplaces were so cold that a basin of water placed in one at night would be frozen to solid ice in the morning. It took courage to get into the cold beds at night, and it was almost unbearable to have to get out of bed into the freezing rooms in the morning. The colonists of that time really suffered because of the unheated houses. When there was a snowstorm the icy winds howled down the big chimneys and blew in through the loosely fitted windows.

The first stoves that were made looked like sheet-metal boxes with four sides. Three sides were in the room, but the fourth side with the stove door in it was outside the house. How should you like to have to go outdoors in zero weather to tend the fire? Yet that was the only way to keep a fire in these stoves.

The comfort of having even these poor stoves suggested to Franklin the need of a stove that could be put in any room, and which would not burn so much fuel or need such constant tending. He invented an iron stove with an open front, which could be used inside any room, and not only gave out more heat, but used less wood. These low, square stoves, where one could see



An early type of Franklin stove

the cheerful fire, proved such a blessing that they became popular at once. The governor praised the comfort and economy of this new stove, and offered to give Franklin a patent on it so that no one else could make it. Franklin refused the offer, saying that he had invented the stove for the comfort of the people and not to make money for himself.

Another thing which troubled Franklin about his city was the constant danger of fire. He wrote an article about the needless fires in the city, which were often caused by carelessness or accidents and caused much loss of property and even the lives of some citizens. This article was

published in the newspaper and attracted so much attention that the people began to discuss the matter seriously.

There were only a few fire engines in the whole country then, and no regular fire companies. Each householder owned a fire bucket made of heavy leather and marked with his name or initials. As soon as the cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard, everyone who had a bucket ran at once to the blaze. A double line of people was formed from the fire to a river, a pond, or a well. The buckets filled with water were passed up one line of persons to the fire, while the empty buckets went down the other line. A supply of ladders was kept in the church or in the townhouse.

Franklin felt that it would be wiser to form a regular company of men who would always be ready to put out the fires and to assist in saving goods. He proposed this plan, and he was pleased to find that thirty men were willing to take this responsibility. They founded the first regular fire company of Philadelphia, calling themselves the Union Fire Company. The articles of agreement that they signed obliged each member "to keep always in order, and fit for use, a certain number

of leather buckets, with strong bags and baskets (for packing and transporting of goods), which were to be brought to every fire."

Almost as great as the dread of fire was the fear of lightning, in those olden days. The people had no idea of the scientific explanation of it that we know now, and because they did not understand what it was, they were afraid of it. It was even believed that lightning was sent as a terrible punishment for wickedness.

Franklin's trained mind knew better than this, but he could not prove it to other people. He had

become interested in the discovery of electricity and had heard of experiments with it in Holland. He insisted that lightning was only electricity in another form; but few people could believe this, and they laughed at the idea. Franklin kept on with experiments of his own, until one day he showed the electric sparks he could get by fastening a key to a kite and flying it in a thunderstorm. This convinced the people; and Franklin not only relieved their fears, but later on invented lightning rods to protect the houses.

But it was not only in inventing useful articles or in planning improvements in the city affairs that Franklin found ways to be a good citizen. He had always, even from boyhood, been interested in books and writing, so it was only natural that he should want to publish an almanac. In almost every home in the colonies you would find an almanac hanging where it was most convenient for constant use. This was a small paper book with a calendar on its pages, which also gave facts about the sun, moon, tides, and weather. To make it more interesting, jokes or bits of poetry were printed between the facts. All the little spaces were filled with wise sayings.

After a photograph copyrighted by the Detroit Publishing Company

Franklin's wise sayings were soon told all over the country. "Poor Richard's Almanac," as it was called, quickly became famous, and its advice could well be followed today. Some of these old sayings we have heard often, such as

"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"One today is worth two tomorrows."

"Trouble springs from idleness."

"Want of care does more harm than want of knowledge."

"He that can have patience can have what he will."

Franklin noticed that people bought scarcely any books. There were not thousands of books published every year then, as there are now, and books were expensive. There were no libraries either, so that it was not easy for the people to get books to read. Franklin realized this fact, and yet he knew that people ought to have plenty of books to read and enjoy. He asked some friends to add their few books to those he possessed, and to keep them all in one separate room as a library. Then he got other people interested, and each one paid in a certain amount of money a year, which was used to buy new books. This was the beginning of the first circulating library in America.

You will not be surprised now to hear that Franklin founded a newspaper in Philadelphia, which soon became the most important paper in America. It was widely read and was counted a valuable influence for the right in city and country affairs. Today we have a magazine with his name on it, for the little newspaper grew and changed; but it is still published in Philadelphia, and it is now our *Saturday Evening Post*.

But the quiet days of housekeeping and mar-

keting, of reading, and of visiting by way of the stagecoach, were coming to an end. There were more exciting times coming to the colonists as they prepared to battle for their independence. It was not a question now of lighting streets or inventing household comforts. Yet the man who had helped his neighbors and his city in little ways was just as quick to ask "What can I do?" in the more stirring times.

Franklin's keen brain and knowledge of public affairs, combined with his upright character, made him a valuable help in the great cause. The man who had made friends all his life by his kindly, honest ways and his eagerness to help, now made friends for his country.

At the time when Washington was fighting for freedom in this country, Benjamin Franklin was in France fighting for the same cause, but in a different way. It was through his efforts that France promised to lend us money and to aid us with soldiers and ships.

How pleased and proud Franklin must have been when he knew that his efforts had been successful! He made and signed our treaty with France, which was the first big step toward our

independence. The last step was taken when the treaty of peace with Great Britain brought victory. This treaty was also written and signed by Franklin.

Knowing him as we do now, we should naturally expect to see Benjamin Franklin sent as one of the delegates to Philadelphia to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Shouldn't you like to have seen his sturdy figure as he stood and solemnly read the Declaration to the other delegates? It must have been a great day for him when he signed the Declaration of Independence.

Almost the last service Franklin did for his country was helping to write the Constitution of the United States, and perhaps one of the biggest moments of his busy life was the day he signed it, when he was over eighty years old. He had not only watched the making of a great nation, but he had helped to make it great.

If you take a keen mind and mix it with five or six feet of energy, stir in several lumps of honesty and earnestness, spice well with a courage that does not fear ridicule or defeat, and add an unselfish eagerness for service, you have a recipe guaranteed to make the kind of citi-

zen who will ask of his country "What can I do?" That kind of recipe produced a Benjamin Franklin in former times, and it may still be used to make the kind of citizen the nation needs now.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Can you fill in these blanks?

Franklin answered the question "What can I do?" by

I. Making the people more comfortable.
   A.
   B.
   C.
   D.

II. Furnishing the people with reading material.
   A.
   B.
   C.

III. Helping our country to gain and to keep its independence.
   A.
   B.
   C.
   D.
   E.

How can *you* answer the question "What can I do?"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Phillips Brooks wrote the poem "A Christmas Carol." Where does he say Christmas should be celebrated?

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What does *everywhere* mean in the first stanza? in the second stanza?

Where are the lands of the fir tree and pine? of the palm tree and vine? Where might the other places mentioned be?

How many kinds of people are mentioned?

Why is there Christmas everywhere?

ROBINSON CRUSOE

What story of adventure have you enjoyed most? What stories of adventure have you already read in this book? "Robinson Crusoe" is another such story. Only a part of it is given here. See if you would like to get the book and read the entire story.

After my escape from the Turks to a vessel that was passing by, I thought that the time of my misfortunes was at an end, for the captain was an English sailor bound on a voyage of trade. By him I was kindly received.

I had not been on board more than twelve days, however, when a high wind took us off, we knew not where. All at once there was a cry of "land," and the ship struck on a bank of sand in which she sank so deep that we could not get her off. At last we found that we must make up our minds to leave her and get to shore as well as we could. There had been a boat at her stern, but we found that it had been torn off by the force of the waves. One small boat was still left on the ship's side, so we got into it.

There we were all of us on the wild sea. The heart of each now grew faint, our cheeks were pale, and our eyes were dim, for there was but one hope, and that was to find some bay, and so get in the lee of the land. The sea grew more and more rough, and its white foam would churn and boil till at last the waves in their wild sport burst on the boat's side, and we were all thrown out.

I saw the sea come after me, as high as a hill and as furious as an enemy which I had no strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath and raise myself upon the water, if I could, and by swimming to pilot myself toward the shore. The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness toward the shore. Here I was left high and dry. I got on my feet and made the best of my way for the land; but just then the curve of a huge wave rose up as high as a hill, and this I had no strength to keep from, so it took me back to the sea. I did my best to float on the top, and held my breath to do so. The

next wave was quite as high and shut me up in its bulk. I held my hands down tight to my sides, and then my head shot out at the top of the wave. This gave me breath, and soon my feet felt the ground.

I stood quite still for a short time to let the sea run back from me, and then I set off with all my might to the shore; but yet the waves caught me, and twice more did they take me back, and twice more land me on the shore. I thought the last wave would have been the death of me, for it drove me on a piece of rock, and with such force as to leave me in a kind of faint. I soon regained my senses and got up to the cliffs close to the shore, where I found some grass out of the reach of the sea. There I sat down, safe on land at last.

I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, making a thousand gestures and motions that I cannot describe now, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself.

After a time I began to look around to see what kind of place I was in and what was next to be done. I soon found my comforts abate and I came to see swiftly that I had a dreadful deliver-

ance; for I was wet, I had no clothes to shift, nor anything either to eat or drink, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts. I had no weapon for hunting or defending myself against any creature that might desire to kill me. I had nothing but a knife and a pipe. What should I do, as night came on, to protect myself from hungry beasts?

The only remedy that occurred to me was to get up into a thick, bushy tree, like a fir, which grew near me. I walked about a furlong from the shore to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy. I then went to the tree, and getting up into it braced myself so that I could not fall. I cut me a short stick for defense, and then being very tired I fell fast asleep, and found myself in the morning much refreshed.

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm over, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up to within about a mile from the shore where I was. As it seemed

still to stand upright, I wished myself on board that I might have some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide out so far that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. So I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and took to the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was to know how to get on board, for she lay aground and high out of the water. I could see nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice, and the second time I saw a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, and this with great difficulty I got hold of and thus climbed up into the ship. Here I found that the ship was swelled and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank so that all the goods in that part of her were dry.

You may be sure that my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was good. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by water. Being well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room and filled my pockets with biscuit and ate some of it as I went to and fro, for I had no

time to lose. What I stood most in need of was a boat to take the goods to shore; but it was in vain to wish for that which could not be had, and as there were some spare yards in the ship, and a spare mast or two, I resolved to fall to work with these. I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft. Then I laid two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, to make my raft strong. Though these planks would bear my own weight, they were too slight to bear much of my freight, so I took a saw which was on board and cut a mast in three lengths and added them to my raft. It was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight.

My next care was what to load it with and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea, but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get; and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the

seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions — bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, and some pieces of dried goat's flesh, and a little corn.

While I was doing this the tide had begun to flow, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away. This made me look about for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use. After long searching I found a carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me. I got it down to my raft without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the cabin and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powderhorns and a small bag of shot and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had put them. After much search I found them, two of them dry and good. The third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms.

But how was my raft to be got to land? I had no sail and no oars, and a gust of wind would make all my store slide off. Yet there were three things of which I was glad — a calm sea, a tide which set in to the shore, and a slight breeze to blow me there. Having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boats, I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, but soon I found it driven to one side. At length I saw a creek up which, with some difficulty, I guided my raft. I thrust her upon a flat piece of ground, and there fastened her by sticking two broken oars into the ground.

My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation. Where I was I yet knew not, whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or uninhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me which rose up steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as a ridge from it northward. I took one of my fowling pieces and one of my pistols and a horn of powder, and thus armed I traveled on a voyage of discovery to the top of the hill. There I saw my fate.

I was on an island encircled everywhere with the sea; no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off and two small islands which lay about three leagues to the west. I saw that the island I was on was barren and, as I had good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. I did see an abundance of fowl, but knew not their kind nor whether any of them were fit for food.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore. This took me the rest of the day. I fortified myself with chests and boards that I had brought on land, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging.

I now began to consider that I might get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me, particularly some of the rigging and sails, and I resolved to make other voyages on board the vessel if possible. I knew that the first storm that blew would break it to pieces, and I determined to set all other things aside until I had gotten everything out of the ship that I could.

I made several trips in the days that followed, until another storm came up. It blew very hard

all the night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with the thought that I had lost no time in getting all that was useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away had I the chance.

My thoughts were now wholly employed about securing myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if there were any on the island. I had many thoughts of the method how to do this, and what kind of dwelling to make; whether I should make a cave in the earth or a tent upon the earth. I resolved upon both, of the manner and description of which it may not be improper to give an account.

DANIEL DEFOE (*Adapted*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Should you like to read the entire book? Why?

If you name the large pictures which the story made you see it will help you in telling the story or in reading interesting parts to others.

THE SNOW BATTLE

How many of you have ever taken part in snow battles? How did you wage these battles? Have you ever thought that the children of Japan have snow battles? This story will tell you how they carry them on.

"Gara-gara — gara-gara! Gara-gara — ton!" sounded the wooden panels as, one by one, they went sliding along the edge of the porch to the shallow little closet at the end.

"Is there snow in the air, Honorable Mother?" called a sleepy voice.

"Not in the air," laughed the cheerful little woman who was settling the porch panels into place, "but on the ground. Your heart's desire has been granted, Masao."

"Arra!" exclaimed the no-longer-sleepy voice, as a boy quickly rolled from his bed of soft comforts piled on the white matted floor. Hurriedly pushing open the sliding paper doors of his room, he stepped out on the narrow porch. Just before him was the garden, half buried in snow. In its midst the gourd-shaped lake, divided by a bridge made of a single stone, was a dark spot. The stepping-stones had changed

to a path of snowy humps winding through bushes that leaned over so crookedly beneath heavy ridges of snow that they looked like misshapen ghosts. Behind all was a high black fence, above which could be seen the snowy wide-eaved thatch of a neighbor's roof.

One glance, and Masao sprang to the edge of the porch without giving a thought to his bare feet and half-loosened kimono. "Good! Splendid!" he shouted. "The newspaper was right when it said that an old-fashioned storm was coming. Honorable Teacher promised that if it came we might have a snow battle in the school yard. And it's come! It's come!"

Pushing his thumbs into his sash, he broke into a prancing shuffle and started down the porch, singing an old marching song:

Though there may be a million foes
They're but a host of flying crows;
We need not fear. The truth is clear
    That we shall win.
March — march — march —

"Ah, noisy, noisy!" laughed his mother, holding her ears. "March, march to the bathroom, Son. Hasten. Dress quickly."

Masao stopped prancing to call back over his shoulder, "Honorable Mother, my class will triumph in the battle. The boys of Sixth are older, but Fifth has plucky fighters, and they'll make Sixth scatter like autumn leaves before the wind. Sure, doubly sure!" And off he ran.

When, half an hour later, mother cheerily called, "Morning rice is ready!" Masao hurried into the room where breakfast was waiting. A little iron kettle was boiling on the fire box, and two low tables, each with a square flat cushion before it, were set side by side. Opposite, near the fire box, was another table, beside which was a tray for the rice.

As his father had not yet appeared, Masao, with an impatient frown, sat down on the cushion at his own table. It was rather hard to be polite and wait for his father while all that snow outside waited for him; so it was a welcome message that his mother brought when she came from the kitchen carrying the round lacquer box of hot rice.

"You need not wait longer," she said. "Your father just put his head in from the shop to say that he cannot come until later, and for you to lift your chopsticks first."

Masao, in a glad hurry, bowed his head and raised his chopsticks to his brow in thanks. Then he took off the covers of his rice and soup bowls, but his eyes were fixed on a dish of rolled omelet and some pink plums in a little shallow bowl.

"I seem to be a guest this morning, Honorable Mother," he said.

"You need something nourishing to prepare you for your fight in the snow," replied his mother. "And the salted plums will keep you from harm."

Masao laughed and tossed his head a little scornfully, but nevertheless he ate the good-luck plums. When he reached the "Honorable thanks to the hostess" at the close of the meal, he quickly added, "I will say good-by now, Honorable Mother." Slipping from his cushion he made a hurried bow, then ran to the "shoe-off vestibule," where neat rows of shoes were standing in a white wooden box of shelves. Masao took out his American shoes and put them on; then he slung a loose cloth cape around his shoulders.

But there was yet another thing to do. He had not said good-by to his father. Running along the narrow space at the side of the house, he came to the front room, facing the street. This was his

father's shop. "Farewell, Honorable Father," he called with an informal, jerky street bow, "I go to school now."

His father was sitting on the matting of the open-front shop. He had pushed his cushion aside out of respect to three men who were buying goods. The floor was a foot higher than the sidewalk. The customers were seated on the floor, with their feet on the ground. His father turned with a smile when Masao spoke. "This is your great day," he said. "Fight well, Son. Do not disappoint my faith in your upholding the honor of your class."

Another bow, and off went Masao, a typical Japanese schoolboy in his cotton kimono with pleated skirt of striped goods, his cloth cap and cape, with the left side hunched up by the bag of books swinging from his shoulder.

The narrow streets were full of life and movement. Japanese people are generally early risers, and long before this hour strong arms and broad wooden shovels had cleared a pathway. Today there was an unusual gayety in the air. Merry shouts of young children rang out as they clumped to school on high wooden clogs; and even the

straw-coated laborers, pulling two-wheeled carts that dragged heavily through the ruts just beginning to be made, laughed and joked with one another as they passed on the road.

Masao had scarcely entered the gateway of the school, when a group of boys shouted to him, "Oi, oi, Masao San! This way! Here!" They were piling and stamping snow into a low wall. At the other end of the big school yard was another group of larger boys busily building a sort of ornamental tower on a roughly made snow fort.

"Yah-h! Sixth has worked fast, hasn't it?" said Masao, surprised that the enemy had already made such a good start.

"We thought the low wall would be better," said one of the boys. "We can jump back and forth quickly, and the ball makers are always right there."

Masao said nothing. He was looking intently at the tower. Suddenly he spoke excitedly. "All of you, listen. I have a good thing in mind. Let's keep Sixth behind the fort. If we can hit that top-heavy tower hard enough, it will tip over and fall in on them. Then we can enter with a rush."

"Dong-dong! dong-dong!" sounded the school bell. The boys stopped work, and blowing into their cupped hands to warm them, they hurried away to their places in one or another of the long, curving lines which were forming before the wide entrance door.

As soon as the pupils had marched in and were seated in the big gymnasium the principal appeared on the platform. He was rather a tall man and, like all professors of a Tokyo college, wore European clothes. The buzzing and shuffling died instantly into silence. The principal bowed. Immediately all the pupils bowed in response.

This usual morning greeting over, the principal spoke. "In recent years," he said, "our winters have had shallow snow, and the boys of today know little of snow picnics and games, or the long hikes and races on snowshoes of their fathers' time. But the world of white has returned with this storm, and I am glad that the school is to have an opportunity for some real winter sport. The gymnasium hour today is to be given up to a snow battle between classes Sixth and Fifth. The classes will be known by

their colors: Sixth, purple; Fifth, yellow. The girls will represent the Red Cross nurses. As the time will be short, there can be no prisoners or wounded. A soldier struck in the chest or middle of the back is dead. Teacher umpires, at the four corners of the yard, will announce death by lifting a white banner. The fortress that is entered or falls is conquered."

The speech closed with a bow from the principal and answering bows from the school. There was no clapping or shouting, for Japanese are silent when showing respect; but the room was filled with excited faces, and many hidden nods and grimaces passed between the two opposing parties.

The morning lessons dragged somewhat, but at last the gymnasium hour arrived. Then, excepting classes Sixth and Fifth, the entire school, teachers and pupils, hurried to the school yard.

"Atsumare! Gather together!" sounded the clear voice of the teacher of athletics. The crowd in swift order arranged itself around the four sides of the playground and waited in silence.

Singing voices were heard coming nearer. Marching and singing, like soldiers on a train-

ing hike, the boys of Sixth and Fifth appeared in the wide entrance door, their pleated skirts pulled high up on the sides and tucked into the narrow belts.

"Tama to nari tsutsu," rang out the boyish voices. "Thump! thump! thump!" sounded the marching feet.

Down the steps they came, and out into the yard. The Sixth class marched steadily to its fortress, on through the narrow snow gate, and took its station behind the three-foot barrier of piled-up snow. The boys of Fifth, led by Masao, marched to the other end of the yard and, to the surprise of the spectators, took their places in front of, not behind, the low wall. The ball makers and ball carriers went to work at once rolling and pressing balls.

The girls of Sixth and Fifth came next, marching bravely, their long sleeves caught up with purple or yellow cords, and each wearing around her forehead a white band on which was a scarlet cross. They took their places between the opposing armies, yellow cords on one side of the yard, purple cords on the other. It was a brave sight, and the spectators clapped loudly.

Suddenly came a shrill whistle. "Hajime! Start!" shouted an umpire.

As the signal sounded, there was a fierce war cry from both sides, and instantly the air was full of flying balls, many of them meeting and bursting as they struck, for the snow was new and dry. Soon the spectators saw that Fifth had left the low wall and was advancing across the field. The ball carriers, their shoulders laden with cheap open baskets full of balls, formed an outside line on either side. These were the ones that received the heaviest fire as the little army, dodging and throwing, moved rapidly toward the fort at the other end of the yard.

"Oi! oi!" came yells from the captain of Sixth. "Stop them! Stop them! Throw faster!"

"Shikkari! shikkari! Don't weaken!" yelled Masao of the Fifth. And on Fifth ran, with dodging heads and jerking arms, shouting, falling, and scrambling up again, pushing forward in disorder, but always advancing toward the fortress.

"Death — Yel-l-ow!" A white banner was lifted high. A boy stood motionless, head bent, hands hanging. Instantly, regardless of flying balls, two yellow-cord girls ran on to the battlefield, and the

dead man, with a nurse on each side, was hurried off the field.

"More balls! More balls!" yelled Fifth.

Showers of snow came from the fort. Warriors of Sixth rushed out from the narrow snow gate, were driven back, ran out again, and again retreated.

"Throw fast! Do your best!" came from the Sixth fort.

"Aim high! Keep brain clear! On! on!" came from Fifth.

And on, amidst blinding showers of bursting balls they ran, dodging, throwing, stumbling, gasping, but throwing, always throwing the soft snowballs.

"Death! Yel-low!"

"Death! Purple!"

"Death! Yellow!"

The white banners of death were constantly lifting and dropping. Girls darted between the fighters, then, pushed right and left, dead men and nurses pulled themselves, pushing and gasping, from the field.

"Oi! oi! Throw fast! Throw fast!" cried Fifth.

A fresh shower of balls came from the fort. Another. Faster and faster they came. The ad-

vancing army of Fifth faltered. Not a dozen boys were left. Masao felt himself slipping backward. A ball flew past his face with a cold whiz. Another was coming straight toward his chest. He quickly twisted sidewise and it broke against his shoulder, but he lost his balance and fell. A boy stumbled over him and fell on top of him. Masao struggled up and, blinded with snow, reached for a ball from the basket of a carrier.

"Hands off! No robbing of the dead!" cried the boy. Then Masao saw that the carrier was standing quiet, dead from a splash of snow in the middle of his back. Two yellow-cord girls hurried him off, nurses and dead men stooping and dodging as they ran.

"More balls!" shouted Masao. "Where are the carriers? More balls!"

"Kai-yai! Their balls are gone! We have them! Throw fast!" cried Sixth.

"More balls!" cried Fifth.

Behind the low wall the ball makers had been working fast and faster; but when they saw many carriers with full baskets taken dead from the field, they left their place and rushed forward on the outside where the snow was less trampled.

They caught up handfuls of snow, rolling balls as they ran. Stooping, up again, down and up, down and up, through the mist of breaking balls they ran with whirling hands.

Masao saw them coming. "Hai-yai!" he yelled. "Bravery! Come on!" Then all pressed forward together, dodging balls, pushing aside nurses hurrying along with dead men, running, falling, rising, with no more balls to throw, stumbling on with empty hands almost up to the fort.

A shrill whistle and a voice rang out, "Time up! A tie!"

"Maa! maa!" sounded from a hundred disappointed throats. But orders are orders, and after that call not a hand moved.

But look! The tower of the fort is moving! Look! look! With a shudder the tower began to slump, then the top fell with a soft, crushing *thud.*

Instantly a shout went up. "Bonzai! Bonzai for Yellow-Yellow-Yel-lo-ow!"

"No; too late!" cried Sixth.

"No! no!"

"Oi! oi! Dochira—which wins?" cried the school.

"It fell after the whistle sounded!"

"Han-h!"

There were confused exclamations and murmurs and some shouts, but the umpires unanimously agreed that the tower had begun to slump before the whistle sounded and that Yellow was the victor.

Then everybody, dead men and all, shouted, "Bonzai for Yellow! Yellow! Yel-lo-ow! Bonzai!" which in English means, "Three cheers for the victorious Fifth! Hurrah!"

When, that evening, Masao told his father about the battle, he ended by saying in a disgusted tone, "And what do you suppose the captain of Sixth said? That it was not Fifth that won, but gravitation. Huh!"

ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How was the snow battle waged? How was it won?

What kind of sportsmen were the boys? Prove it.

If you can select the proper places for the following marginal headings, it will help you to remember some of the interesting things Madam Sugimoto tells about her country.

School life
The garden
Calling Masao
The departure for school
Breakfast
An unexpected ending
Plans for the battle
A Japanese school
The departure for the battle
The captain's explanation
A street scene
The battle

OUTSIDE THE DOOR[1]

Have you ever noticed a tree during a snowstorm? How should you describe it? See how this poem describes it.

Outside the door the bare tree stands,
And catches snowflakes in its hands,
And holds them well and holds them high,
Until a puffing wind comes by.

ANNETTE WYNNE

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

How did the poem describe the tree? What words did the author use to make her description beautiful?

[1] Reprinted by permission from "For Days and Days: A Year-round Treasury of Verse for Children," by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

WILLIAM TELL

We all enjoy stories about brave deeds that have made men famous. Here is a story about a brave Swiss patriot. See which of these words, or adjectives, best describes the character of William Tell as shown in this deed which made him famous.

strong	afraid	fearless
loyal	skillful	honest

Far away in the heart of Europe there is a little country called Switzerland.

The people of Switzerland have not always been so free and happy as they are today. Many years ago a cruel governor, whose name was Gessler, ruled over them. He taxed the people heavily, and nothing could be bought or sold unless the governor was given part of the money. Many people who did only a little wrong were put in prison for a long time. The Swiss people were very unhappy indeed.

One day Gessler set up a tall pole in the public square of Altdorf and put his own cap on the top of it. Then one of his soldiers read in a loud voice an order requiring all the people on pain of death to uncover their heads and bow down

before the governor's cap. A guard was placed in the square to see that the order was obeyed.

Now there was in a small village not far from Altdorf a famous hunter by the name of William Tell. No one in all the land could shoot with bow and arrow so well as he.

One morning Tell took his little son Walter and went into Altdorf on business. After he had attended to his business, Tell and Walter started to leave town. As they reached a corner Tell suddenly saw the pole and the cap with two guards near them. For an instant he paused. Should he bare his head and bend his knee to a cap? He could not do that. What should he do?

Tell walked quickly along and passed the cap as if he did not see it. At this the guards sprang forward and ordered him to halt.

"Take off your hat and bow!" said one of the soldiers.

"Why should I bow to a cap?" replied Tell.

Just then there came the noise of horses' feet and the clang of swords.

"Room for the governor!" cried a guard as Gessler rode up, followed by many soldiers.

"What is the trouble?" said he.

One of the guards answered, "This man went by your cap without uncovering his head."

Gessler became very angry and said, "As you have not obeyed my order you shall be punished. You are said to be the best shot in the mountains. Your punishment shall be to shoot an apple from your son's head." Turning to a soldier, he added, "Pick an apple from the branch of this tree and place the boy a hundred yards away."

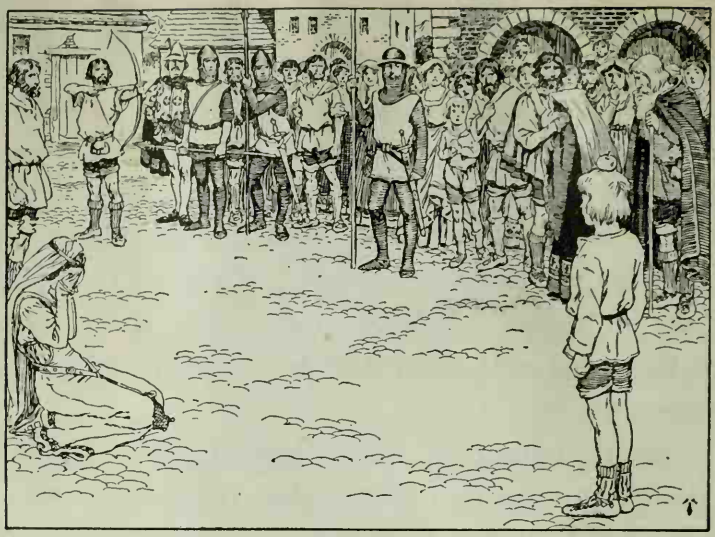
Then turning to Tell, Gessler said, "Stand where you are and shoot that apple from your son's head. If you miss the apple you shall die."

Tell begged the tyrant not to have him make this test of his skill. What if the boy should move? What if his own hand should tremble? What if the arrow should not carry true?

"Will you make me kill my own son?" cried Tell.

"Say no more," said Gessler. "Obey my order at once!"

Tell took his place. He drew an arrow from his quiver, looked at it carefully, and fitted it to his bow. "Shoot, father," said the boy in a loud, firm voice. "I am not afraid. I am standing still."



Tell lifted his eyes for a moment toward heaven, and then raised his bow. Ping! went the string of the bow. The arrow flew through the air and pierced the apple, which dropped to the ground. The people who saw it shouted with joy.

As Tell was turning away from the place, an arrow which he had hidden under his coat dropped to the ground.

"Fellow!" cried Gessler. "What mean you with this second arrow?"

"Tyrant!" was Tell's proud answer. "This

arrow was for your heart if I had hurt my child. You may be sure that I should not have missed my mark the second time."

A Swiss Story

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Which word, or adjective, did you choose? Prove it to be a correct one to use.

You may want to tell this story on a class program or at an assembly. There are five main divisions in this story. Find the paragraphs which you would tell about in each division.

I. Gessler was a cruel governor.
II. William Tell dares disobey the governor's order.
III. Gessler states what his punishment shall be.
IV. Tell finally shoots.
V. Tell informs Gessler what the second arrow was for.

WHEN THE FIRE ALARM RINGS

The best fire departments in the world are in the United States. Why is this so?

"Listen, dad, there's the fire siren!" exclaimed Charles Fisher. "Let's stand here and watch the engines pass by."

The policeman's whistle rang out sharply. Cars stopped on the track. Automobiles drew up to the curb. People hurried to safe places. A path was cleared as if by magic in the throng of traffic on the busy city street.

"Here they come!" cried Charles, with an excited laugh.

A steady whine of the siren, the clatter of big trucks, the gleam of helmets and rubber coats, streaks of red and shining brass flashing past, and the fire department was gone.

"Whew!" said Charles. "They go like lightning!"

"There is no time to be lost when there is a fire," said Mr. Fisher. "Our modern fire department is ready to respond instantly when the alarm rings. How queer it would seem to go

back to the old days of fire fighting. At the cry of 'Fire! fire!' the men of the town rushed out of the stores and houses and formed a line from the nearest well or water supply to the burning building. All the fire buckets and pails were brought out and filled with water, and the men passed the buckets from hand to hand up the line until they reached the blaze."

"I don't see how they ever put out fires in that slow way," said Charles, craning his neck to see where the fire engines had gone.

"It wasn't a satisfactory way," said Mr. Fisher. "Fire departments were formed later, and the men who belonged to them were volunteers. They gave their services when they were needed, but they were not especially trained to fight fires as are the firemen of today."

"I didn't know that the firemen went through a special training," said Charles in surprise.

"The men have to pass strict tests and go through a severe training before they can belong to the big fire departments," said Mr. Fisher. "It isn't only the fast-moving modern machinery that makes our fire departments wonderful; it is also the strong, highly trained men."

"What are some of the tests the men have to pass?" asked Charles.

"A man who wants to be a fireman must be a citizen of the United States and over twenty-one years of age," replied Mr. Fisher. "He must be able to read and write English and be of good character. He is given a strict physical examination, and he must be free from any defects and disease. It takes strong men to fight fire."

"Yes, because they may have to climb tall buildings and carry people down ladders," said Charles. He raised his head to look at the big office buildings, where lights were beginning to twinkle through the many windows.

"He may have to use his strength in many ways," said Mr. Fisher. "His strength is tested by jumping, chinning, and lifting heavy weights. He must show that he is used to exercise. In the large cities he must pass a civil service examination and measure up to certain requirements of height and weight."

"I thought anyone could be a fireman if he wanted to," said Charles, looking surprised at his father's words.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Fisher, with a smile. "That is not the way we have built up the splendid fire companies of our country. When a man is admitted to the fire department he is taught to use every tool in any branch of the service. He learns the use of the hook and ladder, engines, water towers, scaling ladders, hose and chemical wagons, and fire boats. He is taught the making of knots which may be necessary in life-saving. He learns the use of all the life-saving apparatus. He is shown how to use the smoke and gas helmets. He has to know how to give first aid to people overcome with smoke. He must become expert in the sending and receiving of all fire alarm signals."

"Well, there is enough to learn!" said Charles.

"That isn't all," continued Mr. Fisher. "The fireman must take a hard course in physical training. He must learn how to do dangerous feats, such as climbing the walls of buildings from window to window, carrying people down ladders, and other rescue work."

"How can he learn all those things before he goes to a fire?" asked Charles.

"In many of the large cities there are practice towers," explained his father. "The men climb these towers and practice doing the things they may have to do at the fires. They jump from a height into the life net, they crawl along ledges, and they scale walls. If there are no practice towers the men are taken to some tall building to receive this training."

"Dad, look!" said Charles, quickening his steps. "I think the fire is on that street ahead of us. The people are hurrying round that corner."

"There are some tall office buildings on that street," said Mr. Fisher, taking longer strides. "I am glad it is after office hours, because all the people who work in the buildings will probably have gone home."

"The whole street is full of fire engines!" cried Charles, as they turned the corner.

"Yes; everything is here. They must be afraid of a big fire," said Mr. Fisher. "We can't see much of the flames, but smoke is already pouring from the windows. What a group of equipment! There are the hook and ladders, the aërial trucks, the water tower, the

hose wagons and engines, the ambulance and rescue wagons, and the chief's car."

"They are a great sight," said Charles, admiringly, as he looked at the powerful apparatus.

"How strange this would look to our grandparents," said Mr. Fisher. "The first engines in use were small, and men pulled them through the streets as fast as they could run. When the engines were made larger and heavier, big, strong horses were trained to pull them. Now almost all the equipment is motorized, and one man at the wheel guides an engine or a truck as it goes racing down the street. This gives more speed and makes the fire department more efficient."

"There's a burst of flame on the roof!" cried Charles in alarm. "Oh, they are going to use the water tower!"

The long ladder on the truck, with the hose attached to it, swung up and up until it was standing stiff and straight pointing toward the fire. Then a stream shot from the very top of the tower to the roof of the burning building.

"Whew, that goes up high!" said Charles, with shining eyes.

"The water tower can be made to go higher than that," said his father. "It can be raised nearly seventy-five feet in the air, and by raising the hose still farther the stream can reach to the tenth or twelfth story of a building."

"Oh, dad, look over there!" cried Charles, leaning forward. "The ladders are going straight up from that truck without leaning against anything, and the men are climbing them!"

"Those are the aërial trucks with the specially built spring ladders," explained Mr. Fisher. "They are so balanced that the men can climb very high to direct the work and to turn the streams of water more effectively on the fire."

"It seems to me that the fire department has everything," said Charles. "They need it," he added, watching the smoke pour from the roof of the tall building.

"Yes; that is just it," said Mr. Fisher. "We need the best that there is to fight fires. No other country in the world has such fine, modern equipment, the many devices for fighting the flames and for saving life, and the men and motors trained for instant service. But we must have these things because we have such

a great number of wooden buildings which take fire easily. Our cities too are large and crowded. We have many people of different nationalities in our crowded districts, and they do not always understand the constant danger of fire. Other countries do not have thousands of tall buildings lining the streets and filled with a great number of workers. All these things add to our fire danger and to our problem. If we are to protect our big cities and our millions of people, we must have fire departments that are equal to all the dangers of fire in our country."

There was a sudden shout from the crowd, followed by gasps of horror.

"There's a man at a window on the sixth floor!" cried Charles, his eyes dark with fright. "He is leaning out and waving his arms! The wall is afire! There's a big cloud of smoke coming from the room! Oh, he has disappeared!" The boy drew back in dismay.

"The firemen are putting up a ladder," said Mr. Fisher. "Can a man get through those flames? A fireman has run up the ladder to the next window, which hasn't caught fire yet. He is crawling along the ledge to the other window!"

"He has gone into that room!" cried Charles. "How can he live in that smoke and flame?"

The crowd watched the window in intense excitement. The flames crept nearer and nearer the ladder. Great billows of smoke poured out.

"There he is!" shouted someone. The fireman appeared at the window with a heavy form hanging over his shoulder. He crawled back along the ledge, inch by inch. There was hardly a sound from the waiting crowd below.

Then suddenly a roar of relief, and wild cheers of praise went up from the crowd. The fireman reached the ladder safely. Other firemen helped him down the many rungs of the ladder. He dropped to the ground exhausted, just as a fresh burst of flames covered the front of the building.

"Oh, dad, he's great! He's a hero!" said Charles. His voice was choked, but his face was glowing.

"You're right, son," said Mr. Fisher, huskily. "He is a hero; but it's all part of the day's work for the firemen. They work in summer and winter, in blinding snowstorms and terrible gales. They creep under wreckage, balance on tall ladders, and cling to swaying walls and blazing

roofs high in the air. Their work goes on day after day fighting fire among dangerous explosives, battling with gas and smoke, and giving their lives, if necessary, to protect property and to rescue people. When the fire alarm rings it brings to our service, day and night, the trained, fearless men and the finest modern equipment of the best fire departments in the world!"

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why are the best fire departments in the world in the United States? See if you can answer the question by filling in this organization.

The United States has the best fire departments in the world because

I.
II.
III.

The United States needs the best fire departments because

I.
II.
III.
IV.

Under each Roman numeral give statements which prove that your main statement is correct. Number these *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, etc.

THE ONLY LION FARM IN THE WORLD

What should you like to know about this farm? Make a list of questions which you would like to have answered.

Within twenty-five miles of Hollywood is a colony of screen and stage stars most of whom are behind bars nearly all the time.

Which is as it should be; for in California lions live lives of leisure, getting but one meal a day and finding a comfortable existence in the midst of a busy community.

These beasts have taken readily to this new kind of life. They live and let live. Moreover, there are a gradually increasing number of native sons and daughters, thanks to Charles Gay, whose fame as the owner and trainer of the only lion farm in the entire world is reaching into the four corners of the globe.

After serving in the greatest of wild-animal training quarters, the Bostock Troupe of Europe, Gay came to Hollywood with ten years of animal training and experience, and a bank roll that consisted of a like number of dollars. And, like

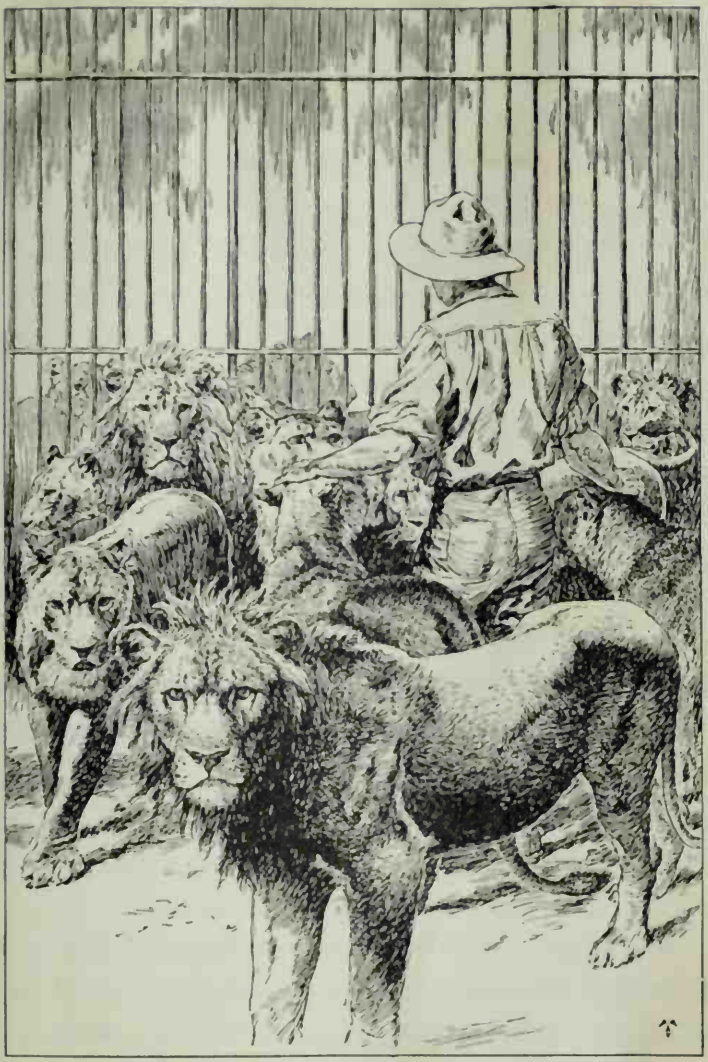
other motion-picture men of those old days, he had a terrific struggle. But when Rosie, his first lioness, presented him with triplets, and later with four more babies, the big idea came — as usual, from a woman, Mrs. Gay.

A lion farm! Why not? It was a new idea. It was needed, and therefore a sure source of profit.

"To perfect the king of beasts; to give America a family of wild-animal royalty; to supplant the poor, bedraggled, jungle-dreaming kind so often seen in the zoos and parks of today." That was to be Mr. and Mrs. Gay's life work.

From that idea rose the great Gay Lion Farm at El Monte, California, where now are housed some eighty-odd lions. They are in all stages of development, from the roly-poly cubs to the great majestic creatures that roam their large yards with airs that leave no doubt of their high descent. To take royalty out of a lion is impossible. He will always be the king of beasts.

The lion, you learn from Mr. Gay, is a king merely in appearance; for a lion has a big head with very little in it. All of which leaves the mighty lion hunter, who justifies his killing on



the grounds that he is "outwitting" the king of beasts, without any ground to stand on.

Mr. Gay was very indignant when I asked him if he had ever shot a lion. "I find no pleasure in killing things," he answered.

"But are these lions happy shut up in cages?"

"Why not? Who of us is not shut up in a cage of one sort or another? We are all growing old in the struggle to get exactly what my lions have — safety, plenty of food and drink, shelter, and the certainty of a protected old age."

"But what would happen if one of your home-grown lions were to be turned loose in an African jungle?"

Gay replied that the lion so turned loose would starve to death in a week, if he were lucky enough to live that long — if he were not killed by a jungle-bred brother in a few hours. Domesticated lions have been raised to be friendly with one another, and the manners of a wild lion are anything but friendly.

"A lion at birth is worth about three hundred and fifty dollars," continued Mr. Gay, "and a full-grown, perfectly trained one brings a price of between thirty and fifty thousand dollars. The

yearly demand of the lion market calls for two hundred lions. These are sold to zoos, parks, circuses, and to people for personal pets. You would be surprised at the number of people wanting lions for pets."

The mother lioness doesn't seem to know what to do with her babies at first. She doesn't know how to care for them. And so Mrs. Gay takes them away and brings them up on goats' milk, keeping them in box cradles that are placed out in the sun. It is hard to believe, while watching Mrs. Gay feed one of these playful babies, that soon that tiny kitten will be a king of beasts. "And," laughs Mrs. Gay, "when these babies are put on a meat diet, they immediately forget my goodness and turn to Mr. Gay instead. Is that gratitude, or just their way of showing their independence?"

But more amazing is Mr. Gay's association with his pets.

It has been the writer's — and probably the reader's — misfortune to meet the "grand-stand" wild-animal trainer, the fellow who, when entering the cage, snaps his whip to make the lions roar and snarl and make lightning passes with un-

sheathed claws. Wild animals are in deadly fear of this sort of trainer; for they know from past experiences that he is in the cage to compel them to go through their tricks, usually with whip and prong. And when the moment comes that the trainer lets down his guard for a second, why, the lion has his innings — with extremely unfortunate results to the trainer. So the fact has been driven home in your mind that all cage animals are bad, when really they are not bad, but frightened out of their wits.

There is none of this at the Gay Lion Farm. When Mr. Gay enters the den (as a rule there are from five to twenty lions in a den) he has nothing in his hand but a tiny switch six inches in length, a switch that the most cowardly dog wouldn't be afraid of. There are no weapons concealed on his person, nor are there attendants outside the wire inclosure with pitchfork or rifle. What few attendants there are have their duties to perform and are rarely near the cage, hardly within call.

The reason is apparent immediately you know what the "Gay" trade-mark on a lion means. For that trade-mark is branded on the lion's brain and not on his hide. It is *kindness and faith*!

The great brutes merely walk up to Gay and rub their enormous heads against him as would a great Dane or a horse. There is no snarling or other byplay, even for the large audiences that daily pay admission to the farm, no "grand-standing" whatsoever. And as a consequence the Gay lions are as tame as your own dog or cat. Perhaps this can better be shown by Mr. Gay's motion-picture work.

When the Gay lions are on the movie "set" they are continually surrounded by a crowd of players, who pet them without the slightest sign of fear. However, this petting by strangers is Mr. Gay's chief worry, and he watches the lions with the eyes of a hawk. A lion, like your dog, signifies when it has had enough. Then it is time to stop and return the lions to their crates.

You may remember a moving picture in which the heroine towed a great lumbering lion by a rope, not once glancing back to see how near the lion was to her. That was a Gay lion, and a sample of what Gay lions will do when called upon.

"And what Numa did," explained Mr. Gay, "my other lions will do also, for they are all lions without a single trick to their names. Thought

and action are as effective with a lion as is speech. A lion's intelligence, what little there is of it, cannot be tricked by mere speech. Fears, untruths, anything of that kind, come between you and him. You must think straight with a lion.

"The voice is a marvelous feature in handling an animal. You must know how to make a lion ashamed, sorry, or excited by pitching your voice differently. I never raise my voice while working with my pets. I use a very low pitch, the pitch best suited to their ears. They are always doing some new business, and they must be directed exactly as you would direct a person. Thus it follows that the considerate master has the most intelligent pet. He who quarrels with his charge gets a response of the same kind."

Another thing which aids Mr. Gay's success with lions is this: he never works his lions two hours before feeding time, nor two hours after feeding. Each lion has his individual cage when eating his one meal a day, and is given sufficient meat to satisfy his hunger — fifteen pounds daily to the full-grown specimen.

Moreover, the lion knows that after each trick is performed he will get a tiny scrap of meat as

a reward. They are never greedy and never bite Mr. Gay's hand, taking that little scrap of meat as daintily as would a house cat.

"Treat a lion as you would your fellow man, and you need have no fear of the king of beasts," Mr. Gay believes.

FRED GILMAN JOPP

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Were your questions answered?

Which of the following questions are answered in this selection?

What kind of animal is the lion?
How long does it take to train a lion?
What is the Gay trade-mark on a lion?
Are the Gay lions happy?
When and how does Mr. Gay train his lions?
How young are the lions when their training begins?
To whom are the lions sold, and for how much?
What is Mr. Gay's chief worry?
Why is the lion farm located in California?
What are the differences between Mr. Gay's training and that usually employed by lion tamers?
Has Mr. Gay ever failed in the training of a lion?

What questions are answered that are not included in the foregoing list?

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

Here is another story that many children all over the world have enjoyed reading. See if you can understand why they have liked it.

PART I

Yes, he was the most beautiful prince that ever was born. Everybody said this, and all were very proud of him. The only person who was not quite happy when the prince came was the king's brother. He would have been king of Nomansland some day had the baby not been born.

Of course a little prince must be christened. The day came at last, as lovely as the prince himself. He was dressed in beautiful robes and taken to the bedside of the queen. She admired him very much. She kissed and blessed him and gave him up with a gentle smile, saying she hoped it would be a nice christening. Then she turned over in bed without another word.

The company arrived — great and noble persons; also the four and twenty godfathers and godmothers who were to give him four and

twenty names. When all had come, the procession started for the chapel.

It was a wonderful christening procession. Everyone was so busy shouting out the little prince's four and twenty names that they never noticed the accident. His nurse — not his ordinary one, but an elegant young lady of rank — had been so busy arranging her train that she let him fall at the foot of the marble staircase. She picked him up again the next minute, before anyone saw. The baby had turned very pale and he had moaned a little, but that was all.

The sun shone in on them through the painted windows of the chapel as they stood there, the king and his train on one side, and the prince and his attendants on the other.

"It is just like fairyland," whispered a little girl. "The only thing the prince needs is a fairy godmother."

"Does he?" said a shrill but soft voice behind.

She was no bigger than a child, and certainly had not been invited to the christening. She was a little old woman dressed in gray. Her hair was gray, and her eyes also. Even her face had a soft

gray shadow over it, but her smile was as sweet and childlike as the prince's own.

"Take care," she said to the grand lady nurse. "Don't let the baby fall again."

The grand lady nurse started, and flushed angrily. "Who spoke? His Royal Highness is just going to sleep," she said.

"Nevertheless I must kiss him," said the little gray woman. "I am his fairy godmother." And she stood up on tiptoe and gave the little prince three kisses.

"Such an insult to His Royal Highness," said the nurse.

"His Majesty shall hear of this," said a lord in waiting. But just then the little gray woman faded away like air. At that moment the great bell of the palace, the bell that was only heard at the death of some member of the royal family, began to toll. The people counted: one — two — three — four, up to nine and twenty, the queen's age.

So when the little prince was carried back to his mother's room, there was no mother to kiss him. She had turned her face to the window and had quietly died.

PART II

Everybody was kind to the poor little prince. But somehow, after his mother died, things seemed to go wrong with him. From a beautiful baby he became sickly and pale, and his legs, which had been so fat and strong, withered and shrank. When he tried to stand he only tumbled.

Then the people began to talk. What a sad thing for the country! A prince, and not able to walk! Soon everyone knew that something was not quite right with the prince. The king was too ill and too sad to take notice of his little son. One day he also died, and his brother, the Crown Prince, was made Regent in his place. Then things went much worse with the little prince.

The Prince Regent told the people that the little prince would be better if he were sent for a while to the beautiful mountains. So the little boy started with a guard of honor consisting of many soldiers. Then word came back that he had died on the road; so the Regent was made King, and all the people forgot about their little lame prince.

What really became of the prince? Beyond the mountains there lay a barren country, where not a bush nor a tree was to be seen. Not a pleasant place to live in, and nobody did live there, it seemed. The only building there was, for miles and miles around, was one large stone tower. It had neither doors nor windows, save some slits in the wall near the top. And the top was a hundred feet from the ground.

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there was seen crossing it a great black horse, ridden by a man all in black and carrying before him on the saddle a woman and a child. The woman had a sad, fierce look, and no wonder. She was a prisoner condemned to die. This punishment had, however, been changed to another almost as hard. She was to live in the lonely tower with the child — only as long as he lived. The child was a gentle little boy with poor little legs on which he could neither stand nor run away. The little boy was no other than the little lame prince.

When they reached the foot of the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain hanging from the top and reaching halfway to the ground.

The man fitted together a ladder, then mounted to the top of the tower, and drew up the prince and his nurse. Then he came down again, took away the ladder, and left them alone. Once a month, however, he returned to the tower, climbed it as before, and left provisions and books and toys for the little boy.

PART III

And there they stayed for years. The little prince was not unhappy; for he had books and all kinds of beautiful toys, and his nurse, though a wicked woman, was kind to him. He played about from room to room, and as he grew older

he would sit at the slits of windows and watch the sky, and wonder about things, for his nurse never talked much.

One day as he was sitting at the window he said to himself, "I wish I had somebody to talk to me and to tell me all about the world. I want somebody dreadfully!"

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap, tap, tap, as of a stick or cane. Turning around he saw a little woman, no larger than himself, with gray hair and a dress of gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved.

"My own little boy," she said to him in a sweet voice, "I couldn't come until you said you wanted me; but now that you have said it, here I am."

"Are you my mother?" asked the little prince.

"No," said the little old woman; "only your godmother. But I love you as much as your mother did, and I want to help you all I can. I am going to give you a present — a traveling cloak. It will take you wherever you wish to go, and show you all that you wish to see."

Just then in came the prince's nurse, and his lovely old godmother faded away, as a rainbow fades out of the sky.

The prince picked up the traveling cloak and hid it in his pocket. When the nurse had gone he took it out and looked at it. It seemed to him no treasure at all. It was only a piece of dark-green cloth, quite worn and shabby. It had a slit cut to the center, forming a hole for the neck.

The prince spread the cloak out on the floor and sat down on the center of it, for all the world like a frog on a water-lily leaf. The edges of the cloak began turning up, and the cloak rose slowly and steadily, and higher and higher, until the little prince was obliged to open the window in the roof to let himself through. There they were outside. Oh, it was wonderful!

So day after day the little prince sailed away on his magic cloak. Farther and farther he flew each time, and on every trip he saw something more wonderful than the day before.

One day he flew over a great city, and the cloak instead of sailing forward settled down by a window of a beautiful palace. The prince looked through the window into a large room, and there he saw a king lying dead, all dressed in his splendid robes.

The prince was so interested that he crawled through the window into the room, leaving the magic cloak outside. The room seemed familiar. Then suddenly it all came back to him. The palace was his palace, and the dead man was his uncle, who had made himself king.

Frightened by all he saw, the little prince turned to go back to his magic cloak and fly off to his tower home. It was too late. Before he reached the window many soldiers and lords rushed into the room and seized him.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" they cried.

"I am the prince of Nomansland," answered the boy, looking at them with gentle pride.

"You look exactly like the late king, the king that was before this," said an old lord.

All agreed that the likeness was wonderful, but they declared that some further proof was needed.

This proof was not long in coming. The prince's nurse was not such a wicked woman after all. As soon as she heard of the king's death she determined to set the rightful heir on the throne of Nomansland. She had persuaded the old black messenger to take her down from the tower. Together they galloped like the wind from city to city, spreading the news that the little lame prince was alive and well. Even while the little prince waited, with the lords and soldiers around him, the nurse was making her way to the palace.

When she arrived she showed the lords and soldiers her proofs that the boy was no other than the true prince of Nomansland. Then they hailed him king. So the little lame prince came to his throne after all, and everyone says he was the best king that ever ruled Nomansland.

DINAH M. MULOCK (*Adapted*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why do you think this story has been such a favorite?

Test yourself to see how well you read this story by deciding where these marginal headings should be placed.

PART I

The birth of the prince
The day of the christening
The accident
The arrival of the fairy godmother
The godmother disappears

PART II

The change in the prince
The prince is forgotten
The prince's new home

PART III

Life at the tower
The fairy godmother arrives
The gift
At the palace
Seized by the guards
The proof
On the throne

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

What reasons can you give for thinking America beautiful? What reasons are given in the poem?

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What reasons for thinking America beautiful are given in the poem?

What does Katharine Lee Bates ask God to do for America? What is meant by "crown thy good with brotherhood"? Why is this a good thing to desire?

Why is the line "From sea to shining sea" a good line to use? What other expressive words or phrases are used?

Many children have enjoyed memorizing this poem. Should you like to?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

What buildings do you know of that are named after famous people? Why are they given these names? Many hospitals and homes and training schools for nurses are named after Florence Nightingale. Do you know why? This story will tell you.

Many years ago in Hampshire, England, there lived a little girl whose name was Florence Nightingale. She was named Florence because she was born in Italy in the city of Florence, the "City of Flowers."

Florence and her sister Frances lived with their father and mother in a beautiful house. Its windows looked out over green lawns and gardens to a river that wound like a silver thread to the hills in the distance.

In the trees behind the house lived many squirrels. When the squirrels saw Florence coming down the path they would scamper down the tree trunks. They felt sure that she had some nuts for them. They would hardly wait for her to pass before they would pick up the nuts and whisk away up the branches. Florence liked to watch them as they held the nuts in their

forepaws and shelled them. She could often go very near them, for they seemed to know that she would not harm them.

All the animals on the place loved Florence, and she loved them. There was an old gray pony named Peggy that was too old to do any work, but was allowed to run about in a small field. Every day Florence would hide a piece of sugar, an apple, or a roll of bread in her pocket, and then go down to the field where Peggy was. Whenever Florence appeared, Peggy would trot up to the fence and put her soft nose into her pocket for the goody she knew she should find there.

Florence often used to ride with her father's friend the vicar as he went about on his visits to the farm cottages. The vicar had studied medicine when he was a young man, and so he was able to tell the people what to do when they were ill or had met with an accident. Florence liked to help him to nurse the sick and usually carried with her, fastened to her saddle, a basket in which was some tempting food.

One day as Florence and the vicar were riding along they passed Roger, an old shepherd of

her father's. He was watching a flock of sheep. The sheep were acting strangely, for they were running about in all directions.

"Why, Roger, where is Cap?" asked Florence.

"Ah, Miss," answered Roger, sadly, "I shall never have Cap to help me with the sheep again. Some boys were throwing stones, and one hit my poor dog and broke his leg. When I go home tonight I shall have to put an end to him." And the shepherd turned away to hide the tears which were streaming down his face.

"Oh, Roger," cried Florence, "are you sure his leg is broken?"

"Oh, yes, Miss, it is broken; the poor dog has not put his foot to the ground since, and he seems to be in great pain."

"We will go to see him," said the vicar, "and find out if we can help him."

When they reached the shepherd's hut they found the poor dog suffering greatly. At first he would not let them come near him; but when Florence began to talk to him and call him "poor Cap," he crept out from under the table and lay down at her feet. While she patted his head and talked to him the vicar examined the

injured leg. He found it badly swollen, but no bones were broken.

"Is there anything we can do to help him?" asked Florence. "He seems to be suffering so much!"

"There is one thing that would ease his pain," said the vicar, "and that is to bathe the leg with hot water."

"Oh, let me stay with him and tend him," said Florence.

So the vicar went on his rounds and left Florence to care for poor Cap. She found a cloth and tore it into strips, which she wrung out of hot water and laid tenderly on Cap's leg.

When the shepherd returned he was surprised to find that his faithful dog was better and in a few days would be able to help him with the sheep again.

After this, whenever anyone in the village had a cut or a bruise or a sick animal, Florence was sent for. She was never so happy as when she was helping to relieve pain.

When she grew up she became interested in hospital work. Instead of going into society, she entered a training school for nurses and graduated with high honors. Then she gave her strength and money to help societies which cared for the aged or sick.

When the Crimean War broke out between England and Russia, she heard that the sick and wounded soldiers had no one to care for them. At once she organized a group of nurses and sailed for Turkey. Here they found thousands of soldiers to be cared for.

Florence Nightingale never tired of helping to relieve the awful conditions which she found. Not only did she have the wounds and diseases of the men treated, but she organized a kitchen where the right food for the sick could be pre-

pared. She also established a laundry, a library, and a schoolroom.

All through the war she was an angel of mercy to the poor soldiers. One wrote:

To see her pass was happiness. As she passed by the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more, but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillows again, content.

At the end of the war, broken in health, "the Angel of the Crimea," as she was called, came back to her English home. Do you wonder that the people of England and of all the world love and honor the name of Florence Nightingale?

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why are hospitals, homes, and training schools for nurses named after Florence Nightingale?

When Florence Nightingale was a child, what did she like to do?

Why did all animals love Florence Nightingale? How do animals know when people love them?

Was her name "the Angel of the Crimea" justified? Prove it.

DANGERS OF THE DESERT

Many children have asked the question "What makes a trip across the desert thrilling but dangerous?" The answer to this question is given in "Dangers of the Desert."

PART I

There were seven thousand camels gathered together at the edge of the great Sahara Desert of Africa. A thousand men were getting ready for a journey.

"I haven't seen you for a whole year," said one man to another. "Are you going with the salt caravan this year?"

"Yes," replied the other man. "I dread the hard trip across the desert, but I want to get a supply of salt from the salt pits at Bilma. Many of our people will not buy the salt brought to Africa from other countries. They do not think it is so good as the salt at Bilma."

"Yes, that is true," said his friend. "That is the reason the traders come from miles around the desert to join the caravan which visits the salt pits once a year."

"It is a dangerous journey of six hundred miles to Bilma and back," said another man.

"We shall probably get home again safely if desert bandits do not attack us," said an older traveler. "Our caravan is large and well armed; so we are not likely to be robbed. Every man in the caravan carries a rifle and a sword."

"The caravan is ready to start," called a man passing by.

The men took their places. Some of them rode on the camels, and others walked beside them to look after the supplies and to urge on the animals.

The men's faces could hardly be seen because of the veils which they wore to protect them from the burning sun. Their heads were wound with folds of light cotton cloth, and they wore loose, flowing robes.

Every year the caravan gathers near the last of October. This is the time when there is most likely to be water in the river beds and the best grazing for the camels. The caravan starts from the foot of the mountains in the central part of French West Africa. The route to the salt pits in the oasis of Bilma lies across one of the worst

parts of the desert. This oasis is north of Lake Chad and west of the Tibesti Mountains.

When the great salt caravan was on the march it stretched far across the desert. The men in the center could not see the beginning or the end of the caravan. All they could see was an endless slow-moving line across the dazzling sand.

"How bare and dreary the desert looks," said one of the men, when the caravan had traveled for several days. "I wish there were green trees or bushes somewhere in sight. The bare, black rocks, the harsh pebbles, and the great sand dunes make an unpleasant picture."

"How still it is," said another. "I should like to hear a bird sing or a cricket chirp."

"It seems as if the days would never end," added another man, who was taking the trip for the first time. "The blazing sun hurts my eyes so that I can hardly see. The heat is terrible! By noon I feel as if I were in a great furnace. I wish that we could stop and rest more often."

"We dare not stop for long," explained one of the older men. "If we should delay too long, our food and water supply might not last."

"Look!" said a man, suddenly. "Is that another caravan in the distance? I see men riding. They are coming toward us on swift horses."

"They are desert bandits!" cried one of the caravan leaders. "They will try to cut us off from the rest of the caravan, which has gone on ahead! Get your rifles ready! Drop behind the camels! I'll ride ahead and get help!"

"Guard the food and water!" ordered one of the older men. "The bandits know that we are helpless if they steal our supplies."

The bandits came on in a cloud of dust. Their lances glittered in the bright sunlight.

The men of the caravan waited with grim faces as the bandits came charging upon them. Shots rang out, and the bandits fell back. It was plain that they had not thought that the caravan was well armed.

After a few minutes the bandits charged again. There was a wild rush of horses, the flash of steel, and the moans of fallen men.

"It is a big band of robbers," muttered one of the men in the caravan, as he crept to a better hiding place behind some baggage. "They will try to kill our leaders and take our camels."

The battle raged on in the great spaces of burning sand. Shots rang out on the still air. The bandits fought fiercely, throwing themselves upon the caravan with wild cries of triumph and with the terrible thrust of spears.

Suddenly there was a shout. A long line of camels was seen rising over the top of a great sand dune. Hundreds of men came rushing toward the bandits with flashing swords and gleaming rifles.

The band of robbers turned and fled. In a few minutes they looked like dots far away on the desert.

"Ah, they were just in time!" cried one of the men. "It is well for us that the rest of the caravan was near!"

"The supplies are safe," said a leader, as he attended to the wounded. "We lost only a few camels. None of our men were killed."

PART II

After several more hours of steady march the caravan stopped for the night. The men were drooping with weariness after the long day in the heat and the strain of the bandit raid. The setting of the sun brought relief. The air became

cooler, and the dreary wastes of the desert glowed with rainbow colors.

The camels were unloaded so that they might stretch themselves on the ground. Their feet were treated for sores and bruises. The men talked more cheerfully as they gathered round the camp fires for the evening meal. When the stars twinkled through the velvety darkness of the desert night the men rolled themselves in their rugs and blankets and slept.

Early the next morning the command came for the caravan to start again on the march.

"It seems as if I slept only an hour," said one of the men, as he arranged the load on his camel.

"It is only three o'clock, but we must start early because we have many miles to travel before sundown," replied another traveler.

"How cold it is!" exclaimed one of the younger men. He was shivering as he mounted his camel.

"Yes, the desert mornings are bitter cold," said his companion. "A fire would feel good, but we dare not use any more wood than necessary. Fuel is scarce in the desert, and we may travel for days without finding even one stick of wood."

Day after day the salt caravan traveled on.

"How uneasy the camels are," said a man one afternoon, near the end of the journey.

"Is there a storm coming?" asked an old traveler, anxiously. He shaded his eyes and looked off across the desert.

"My camel is trembling!" cried another man. "See! He is falling!"

"Look! See that black column in the distance! A sand storm is coming!" cried the old traveler.

The terrifying cry echoed down the line of the caravan. Then men worked quickly among the frightened animals. The camels shook with terror and dropped to the ground with their loads. The men were half blinded by the stinging, smothering blasts of sand as they tried to pack the baggage against the animals for a shelter. Shrill cries for help mingled with shouts and commands as the sand storm swept over the caravan.

"Get behind the camels and the loads!" commanded one of the leaders of the caravan.

"The sand is filling my eyes and throat," moaned one of the men.

"Crouch lower! Hide your face in your robes! Do not move or speak!" directed an old traveler.

The sky was so black with the clouds of whirling sand that it seemed like night. Sand was everywhere. The men lay dazed and cramped while the sand storm raged.

Then, after an hour of pain and danger, the storm stopped. The men crept from their hiding places. They choked and gasped as they tried to speak and to breathe deeply again.

"I have never seen such a storm!" cried a man. "Are there many storms like this in the desert?"

"One never knows," said an older man, gravely. "The sand storm comes without warning. It may last only a few minutes or it may last for hours."

At last after two weeks of hard travel the caravan reached the salt pits of Bilma. The men were soon doing a brisk trade with the people of the oasis.

"We have saddles, clothing, and grain to trade for your salt," said a man from the caravan.

"Here is a fine sheaf of tobacco which I will sell you for only six blocks of salt," cried another man.

"Here are three sticks of precious firewood. You may have them for one block of salt," cried another trader.

"How many blocks of salt will you give me for this fine piece of jewelry?" cried a man, holding up a bright ornament. "You may not have another chance to buy a pretty jewel until next year when the caravan comes again. You may have this for twenty blocks of salt."

After a few days of trading the caravan was ready for the return trip of three hundred miles.

As day after day passed, it seemed to the men as if the long journey would never end.

"Our food supplies are getting low," said one of the men with a sigh. "We shall have little to eat from now until our journey is over."

"Everyone is limping," said another one of the group. "The hot sand rubs against our sandals and cuts our feet."

"Forty camels have died on the journey," said the first man. "The desert is hard on men and on animals."

"Yes, a man must fight for his life here against thirst, starvation, sand storms, and bandits," agreed his companion.

At last the foothills came in sight again. A shout of joy arose from the caravan.

"The hills will give us shelter and shade," cried one of the men, thankfully.

"Hush! Listen!" said a man, lifting his hand. "Do you hear that sound?"

The other men listened intently. Then they laughed, and their eyes shone with pleasure.

"It is a cricket chirping in the grass!" said one of the men. "It is the first time for weeks that we have heard such a welcome sound!"

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

By filling out these blanks you can see how well you have read "Dangers of the Desert."

A ____ caravan journeys each year to ____ for ____. It is a ____ journey of ____ ____ miles. Bilma is an ____ in the ____ Desert of ____.

Some of the men in the caravan ride on ____. Others walk beside the ____ to look after the ____.

The men wear ____ to protect their faces from the ____ sun. About their heads are wound ____ of ____ ____ ____. They wear ____ ____ robes.

Crossing the desert one sees neither ____ nor ____. One hears no ____. The sand lies in great ____.

During the day it is very ____. At night the men sleep in their ____ and ____, for the nights are ____. Fuel is so ____ that little can be burned for warmth.

Caravans are sometimes attacked by ____ ____. Another danger of the desert is the ____ ____. During these storms the men get behind the ____ and the ____. The sky is as black as ____. Sometimes the storms last only a few ____; others last for ____.

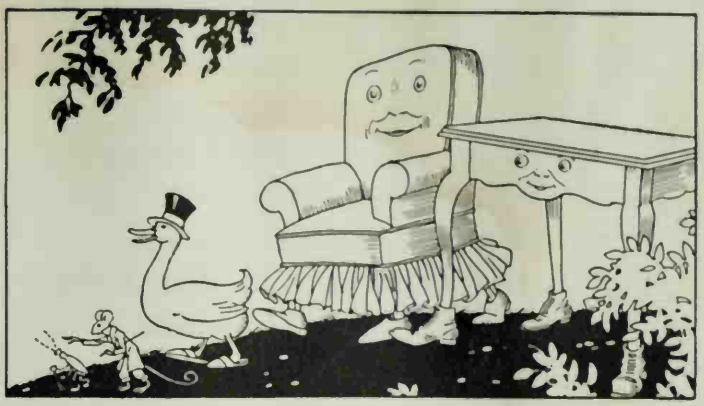
THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

What kind of story should you call "Down the Rabbit's Hole"? Read the poem "The Table and the Chair" and see in what ways it is like this story.

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town



With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

In what ways is the poem like the story? Prepare to read the parts that prove your statements.

Make a list of the words that made you see pictures.

If you have enjoyed this poem, you may like to read others by Edward Lear. If you find one, bring it to class and read it to the other children.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

You will often hear or will find in your reading such an expression as "It is like Aladdin's lamp." When do you think such an expression would be used? What is meant by it? This story will help you to answer these questions.

PART I

In one of the large cities of China there lived a boy named Aladdin. He was the son of Mustapha, a poor tailor, who, when the boy was old enough to learn a trade, took him into his own workshop; but Aladdin, being but an idle fellow, would go out early in the morning and stay all day playing in the streets with children of his own age.

When Aladdin was very young, his father died; but Aladdin continued his foolish ways, and his mother was forced to spin cotton night and day in order to keep herself and the boy.

One day, when he was playing in the street, a stranger stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous magician who had arrived from Africa only a few days before. He had need of some ignorant person, and he no sooner

beheld Aladdin than he knew by his whole manner and appearance that here was a boy fit for his purpose. The magician, after skillfully inquiring about him from persons standing near, pressed in among the crowd of lads, tapped Aladdin on the shoulder, and said, "My good lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin; "but my father has been dead a long time."

"Alas!" cried the magician. "What unhappy news! I am your uncle. I knew you at first sight. You are so like your father! I have been many years abroad, and now that I have come home in the hope of seeing him, you tell me he is dead!" And all the while tears ran down the stranger's cheek. Then pulling out his purse he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold, saying, "Take these, my boy, to your mother, and tell her that I will come and visit her tonight."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his mother. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?"

"Indeed, my child," replied his mother, "your father had no brother, and so you have no uncle."

Whereupon Aladdin pulled out his gold pieces and told her that a man who said he was his father's brother was coming to visit her that very evening. Full of bewilderment, the good woman set out for the market, where she bought provisions, and she was busy preparing the supper when the magician knocked at the door.

9 As soon as they sat down to supper he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying that for forty years he had been away from home, in order to see the wonders of distant countries. Then, turning toward Aladdin, he said, "Well, Aladdin, what business do you follow?"

10 At this question Aladdin hung his head, and was not a little ashamed when his mother said, "Aladdin is an idle boy; his father tried to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his death, in spite of all that I can say to him, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, so that I despair of his ever coming to any good."

11 With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said, "This is not well, nephew; you must think

of helping yourself and of earning your living. I will help you as far as I can. What think you? Shall I take a shop and furnish it for you?"

Aladdin was overjoyed at the idea, for he thought there was very little labor in keeping a shop, and so he told his uncle that this would suit him better than anything else.

"Well, then," said the magician, "I will take you with me tomorrow, clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and then we will open a shop."

Next day, true to his word, the magician called for Aladdin and led him to a merchant who sold all sorts of clothing for different classes of people. Then he caused Aladdin to try on the handsomest suits, and choosing the one Aladdin preferred, he paid the merchant for it at once. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the best parts of the city and gave him a merry feast in the evening.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, so impatient was he to see his uncle. Presently he saw him coming and ran to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly. "Come, my good boy," he said with

a smile, "we will spend the day in the country, but tomorrow we will buy the shop." So away they walked through the beautiful public garden, and going to a great distance into the country, at length reached a narrow valley between two mountains. There the magician sought to carry out the plans which had led him to China.

16 "We shall now," said he to Aladdin, "go no farther, for I will show you here some strange things which no one but you has ever seen. I am going to strike a light, and do you in the meantime gather up all the loose, dry sticks you can find."

17 Aladdin made a great heap of the dry sticks. The magician then set them on fire, and when they were in a blaze he threw in some magic powder. A dense smoke arose, while the magician uttered some mysterious words. At the same instant the ground shook slightly and opening in the spot where they stood, showed a square stone about a foot and a half across with a brass ring in the center.

18 When Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, the magician told him that there were vast treasures beneath the stone which he

might have if he but obeyed his commands. "No person but you," added the uncle, "is permitted to lift the stone and descend the stairs."

19 Aladdin seized the ring and, to his surprise, lifted the heavy stone with ease. "Descend those stairs and open that door," said the magician. "It will lead you into a palace divided into three great halls. In each of these halls you will see large bronze vases full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it; and, above all things, do not touch the walls, even with your clothes. If you do, you will die instantly.

20 "At the end of the third hall you will find a door which leads to a garden planted with beautiful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in the niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp and put it out. Then throw out the wick and the liquid that is within, and put the lamp in your bosom. If you should wish very much to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so; and there is nothing to prevent your taking as much as you please."

21 When the magician had given these directions, he took a ring from his finger and put it on one of Aladdin's, saying, "This is a charm against all evil so long as you obey me. Go boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

PART II

22 Aladdin followed these directions and found everything as the magician had stated. Having secured the lamp, which he placed in his bosom, he gathered the rich jewels that grew like fruit on the trees of the orchard, and filled his pockets with them.

23 He then returned with the greatest care and found the magician anxiously waiting for him. As soon as Aladdin saw his uncle he said, "Pray, uncle, lend me your hand to help me out."

24 "Give me the lamp first," replied the magician, "as it will only hinder you."

"It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it to you when I am out."

25 The magician was determined that he would have the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave, but the boy refused to give it up. This drove the magician into such a rage that he threw

more magic powder into the fire and spoke two magic words, which caused the stone to return to its former place.

The truth was that the magician had learned from his magic books about the secret and value of this wonderful lamp, which would make him richer than any earthly ruler if he could obtain it as the free gift of another. He had chosen Aladdin for this purpose. Having failed in his attempt, he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the city lest he should be recognized and people should inquire what had become of Aladdin.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive he called aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp, but all his cries were useless. By some chance, however, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him when he entered the cave. Instantly a genie of enormous figure and horrid countenance rose out of the earth and thus addressed him: "What do you require? I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the ring."

Scarcely daring to hope, Aladdin cried, "Whoever you are, take me, if you are able, out of this place!"

29 No sooner had his lips formed the words than he found himself outside the cave, of which no sign was to be seen on the surface of the earth. He lost no time in making his way home, where he fainted from weakness; but as soon as he recovered he told his mother all that had happened to him. He then asked for food, but his mother said that there was not a crust of bread in the house. Then Aladdin asked where the lamp was which he had brought home, as he wished to go out and sell it.

30 Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the place where she had put it. "Here it is," she said to her son, "but it is very dirty. If I were to clean it a little, perhaps it might sell for something more." His mother began to rub the lamp; but no sooner had she touched it than an immense genie appeared, who said in very loud tones, "What do you require? I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the lamp."

31 Aladdin's mother was so terrified at the sight that she fainted. But the boy, who had already seen a genie in the cave, said boldly, "I am hungry. Bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared and returned a moment later with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head. In it were twelve covered dishes filled with the most delicious meats, and six loaves as white as snow upon as many plates, and in his hand he carried two silver cups. All these the genie placed upon the table and instantly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright they both sat down to their meal. Never had they eaten such delicate meats or seen such splendid dishes. The remains of this feast provided them with food for many days. Then Aladdin sold the silver dishes, one by one, for their support. In this way they lived happily for some years, for Aladdin had been sobered by his adventure and now behaved with the greatest wisdom. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise and prudent persons. Thus he gathered much wisdom and grew to be a handsome and polite youth.

The Arabian Nights

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

When do you think such an expression as "It is like Aladdin's lamp" would be used? What is meant by it?

Find the paragraphs that make you know that Aladdin was an idle fellow.

Find the paragraphs that show the character of the magician. What qualities does he show?

Find the paragraphs where the magician tells Aladdin what he must do.

Find the paragraphs that show how Aladdin defeated the magician's purpose.

Find the paragraphs that tell how Aladdin escaped from the cave.

Find the paragraphs that tell how the magic power of the lamp was discovered.

Find the paragraphs which prove that Aladdin was not really a foolish fellow.

Have we any inventions today that do more marvelous things than those described in this story? Prove your statement.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

What is the strangest name you have ever heard? Is it as strange as "Rumpelstiltskin"? Who do you suppose ever had such a name?

There was once upon a time a poor miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was so beautiful and clever that he was always boasting about her. One day he told the king that his daughter could spin gold out of straw.

"Now that is a gift worth having," said the king. "If your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to the palace tomorrow and let us see what she can do."

When the girl was brought to the palace, the king led her to a chamber where there was a great quantity of straw, gave her a spinning wheel, and said, "Now set to work and spin all night till early dawn, and if by that time you have not spun the straw into gold, you shall die."

It was in vain that the poor maiden said she could not do such a thing. The chamber was locked and she was left alone. Then she sat down in the corner of the room and began to weep. In

the midst of her weeping she heard the door creak. It opened, and in stepped a tiny little man, who said, "Good evening, my pretty maid. Why are you crying so bitterly?"

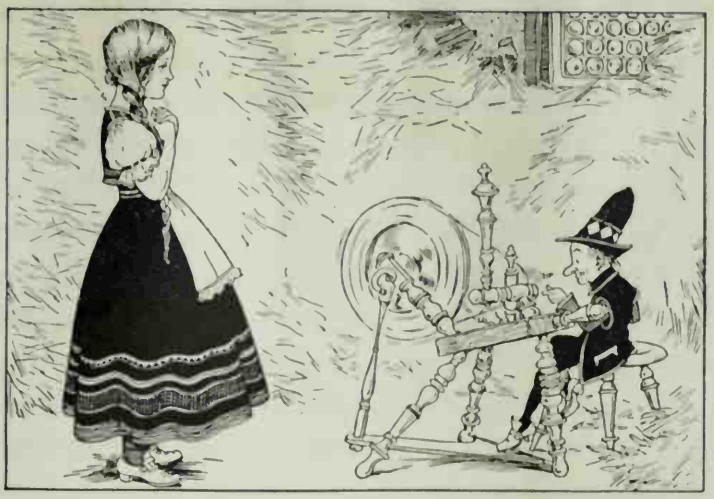
"Alas," she answered, "the king has ordered me to spin all this straw into gold before to-morrow morning."

"What will you give me if I spin it for you?" asked the little man.

"I will give you my beautiful necklace," answered the maiden, joyfully.

The little man took the necklace, sat himself down at the wheel, and whir, whir, whir, round went the wheel three times and the bobbin was full. Then he put on another bobbin, and whir, whir, whir, round went the wheel three times and the second bobbin was full. And so it went on till the morning, when all the straw was spun away, and all the bobbins were full of beautiful shining gold.

As soon as the sun rose the next morning the king came to see if the straw had really been turned into gold. When he saw the bobbins full of gold he could scarcely believe his eyes, but it only made him want more.



He had the miller's daughter put into another room full of straw, much bigger than the first, and told her that she must spin that into gold, too.

"And if it is not done by tomorrow morning, you will know what to expect," he said.

Again the girl did not know what to do, and she began to cry. Then the door opened as before, and the tiny little man appeared and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?"

"The ring from my finger," answered the girl.

The little man took the ring and sat down at the spinning wheel. Whir went the wheel, and

when morning broke he had spun all the straw into gold.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the maiden, but the little man was gone before she could say another word.

The king's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he came the next morning and saw that all the straw had been spun into gold. Still he was not satisfied, and he had the miller's daughter put into a yet bigger room full of straw. "Now," said he, "if you can spin all this straw into gold before morning, you shall become my wife."

The king had hardly closed the door when the little man appeared for the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you once again?"

"I have nothing more to give," sadly answered the girl.

"Then promise me when you are queen to give me your first child," said the little man.

The poor maiden thought there was very little chance of her ever being queen, so she promised, and the little man set to work at once. By morning the gold was piled so high that it reached the ceiling.

The king came in the morning and, pleased with finding all the gold he wanted, married the miller's daughter and made her queen.

The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles. As time went on a beautiful son was born to her. She had forgotten the little man and her promise, till one day he suddenly stepped into her room and said, "Now give me what you promised."

The queen offered the little man all the riches in her kingdom if he would only leave her the child. But the little man demanded the baby. Then the queen began to sob so bitterly that the little man was sorry for her, and said, "I'll give you three days to guess my name, and if you find it out in that time, you may keep your child."

All that night the queen lay awake thinking of every name she had ever heard. The next morning she sent a messenger to scour the land to pick up far and near any names he should come across.

The next day, when the little man came, she began guessing the most unusual names she could think of. But at each one the little man called out, "That is not my name."

The next day she sent messengers throughout the neighborhood to collect all the curious names they could find. When the little man appeared she asked, "Is your name Spindleshanks, or Hunchback, or Bandylegs?" But to each one the little man still said, "No, that is not my name."

Then the queen grew anxious, for there was only one day left, so she sent out other messengers to search for names. At last one messenger came back, and said, "Yesterday, as I was climbing a hill around the corner of the wood, where the foxes and hares bid each other good night, I saw a little house. In front of the house burned a fire, and round the fire danced a queer little man singing

"Tomorrow I brew, today I bake,
And then the child away I'll take;
For little thinks my royal dame
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name!"

Then the queen clapped her hands with joy, for she was sure that Rumpelstiltskin was the name of the little man who was coming to take away her baby.

The next morning as soon as the little man came she said, "Is your name Andrew?"

"No, it is not," shouted the little man joyfully.

"Is it Samuel?"

"No, it is not," cried the little man, dancing around on one leg.

"Is it George?" she asked sadly.

"No, it is not George," laughed the little man, holding out his arms for the baby.

"Then it must be Rumpelstiltskin," she cried.

"Some witch must have told you! Some witch must have told you!" screamed the little man, dancing about with rage. Then he made his way off, and the queen never saw Rumpelstiltskin again.

GRIMM

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Who was Rumpelstiltskin?

Why was it necessary that the queen should find out the name of the little man?

Why had the queen promised to give him her baby?

How did she succeed in finding out his name?

What was the beginning of all the trouble?

A SECRET

What usually happens to secrets? Find out what happened to this secret.

Pussy Willow had a secret
That a snowdrop told to her,
And she purred it to the south wind,
While it stroked her velvet fur.
And the south wind hummed it softly
To the busy honeybees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms
On the scarlet maple trees.

And they told it to the wood brooks
Brimming full of melted snow,
And the brooks told Robin Redbreast
As he chattered to and fro.
Little Robin could not keep it,
So he sang it, loud and clear,
To the sleepy hills and meadows,
"Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here."

Author Unknown

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What happened to this secret? What was the secret? How many told it? How did they tell it? Can you say these words so that people will feel the different ways in which the secret was told?

Some of you may enjoy illustrating one of the pictures of the poem. Bring the picture to class and have someone read the part that your picture illustrates.

THE LITTLE FURRY ONES THAT SLIDE DOWN HILL[1]

Have you ever wished you could go camping in the deep, deep woods? What should you like to do there? What should you like to see? This story is about a boy who camped in the deep woods. What do you suppose the Little Furry Ones were, and how could they slide down hill?

PART I

Silverwater, one of the loveliest and loneliest of the wilderness lakes, is fed by many brooks from the deep-wooded surrounding hills. Toward one of these, on a certain golden afternoon, Uncle Andy and the Boy were betaking themselves along the shadowy trail, where the green-brown moss was soft underfoot and their careful steps made no noise. When they spoke, it was in a quiet voice; for the spirit of the woods was on the Boy, and he knew that by keeping very quiet there was always the chance of surprising some fascinating mystery.

The two were going fishing; for Uncle Andy

[1] From "Children of the Wilds," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

was an enthusiastic fisherman, and the stream toward which they were making their way was one of deep pools and cool "stillwaters," where the biggest fish were wont to lie during the hot weather.

While they were yet several hundred yards from the stream, suddenly there came to their ears the sound of a quick splash, as if something had fallen into the water. Uncle Andy stopped short in his tracks, motionless as a setter marking his bird. The Boy stopped likewise, faithfully imitating him. A couple of seconds later came another splash, as heavy as the first, and then, quickly following, two lighter ones.

For a moment or two the Boy kept silent, though bursting with curiosity. Then he whispered eagerly, "What's that?"

"Otter," replied Uncle Andy, in a murmur as soft as the wind in the tree tops.

"Why?" continued the Boy, meaning to say, "But what on earth are they doing?"

"Sliding down hill," muttered Uncle Andy, without turning his head. Then, holding up his hand as a sign there were to be no questions asked, he crept forward noiselessly, and the Boy followed at his heels.

After two or three minutes the sounds were repeated in the same order as before — first two heavy splashes and then two lighter ones. Unable to ask questions, the Boy was obliged to think for himself.

He had only a faint idea what otters were like, but he knew a good deal about sliding down hill. He pictured to himself a high, rough bank leading down to the water; but as not even Bill's daring imagination would have pictured the beasts as using toboggans or hand sleds, he thought it must be rather bumpy and uncomfortable work coasting over the roots and rocks on one's own unprotected anatomy.

The sounds continued, growing louder and louder, till the two adventurers must have been within thirty or forty feet of the stream, and they were creeping as noiselessly as a shadow slips over the grass, in the hope of catching the merrymakers at their game. But suddenly there came one great splash, as if all the sliders had come down close together. And then silence. Uncle Andy crouched motionless for several minutes. Then he straightened himself up with a disappointed air.

"Gone!" he muttered. "Cleared out! They've heard us or smelled us!"

Two minutes later they came out on the banks of the stream.

The stream at this point was perhaps twenty-five feet in width, deep, dark, and almost without current. Only by noting the bend of the long water grasses could one tell which way it ran. The nearer bank was low and grassy, with a fallen trunk slanting out into the water. But the shore opposite was some twelve or fifteen feet high, very steep, and quite clear, having been cut by the floods from a bank of clay. Down the middle of this incline a narrow track had been worn so smooth that it gleamed in the sun almost like ice.

Presently Uncle Andy remarked, "This otter family appears to have been having a pretty good time."

"Great!" said the Boy.

"Well," continued Uncle Andy, regarding him with pleasure, "there was once another otter family, away up on the Little North Fork of the Ottanoonsis, that used to have such good times till at last they had a streak of bad luck."

"Did you know them?" asked the Boy.

"Well, not, as you might say, intimately," answered Uncle Andy, with a far-away look in his gray eyes. "You see, they had no way of knowing how nice I was, so they never admitted me into their family circle. But I knew a lot more about them than they ever guessed, I can tell you. When the flies and the mosquitoes weren't too bad, I used to lie by the hour behind a thick bush, never stirring a finger, and watch them."

PART II

"The two Little Furry Ones," Uncle Andy continued after a pause, "were born in a dry, warm, roomy den in the bank, under the roots of an old birch that slanted out over the water. The front door was deep under water. But as the old otters had few enemies to dread, being both brave and powerful, they had also a back entrance on dry land hidden by a thicket of fir bushes.

"The two furry 'pups' were at first as sprawling and helpless as newborn kittens, though of course a good deal bigger than any kittens *you* have ever seen. And because they were so helpless, their father and mother never left them alone. One always stayed with them while the other went away to hunt trout or muskrat.

"When the Little Furry Ones were about the size of five months' kittens, they were as handsome a pair of youngsters as you are ever likely to set eyes upon. Their fur, rich and soft and dark, was the finest ever seen. Like their parents, they had bodies shaped for going through the water at a tremendous speed — built like a

bulldog's for strength and like an eel's for suppleness."

"Not slimy!" protested the Boy, who had hated eels whole-heartedly ever since the day when he had tried to take one off the hook.

"Of course not!" answered Uncle Andy, impatiently. "As I was going to say, they were shaped a good deal like those seals you've seen in the Zoo, only that instead of flippers they had regular legs and feet and also a tail. It was a tail worth having, too, and not merely intended for ornament. It was very thick at the base and tapering, something like a lizard's, and so powerful that one twist of it could drive its owner through the water like a screw."

"Wish I could swim that way!" murmured the Boy, trying to do the movement, as he imagined it, with his legs.

"But though the Little Furry Ones were just built for swimming," continued Uncle Andy, graciously overlooking the interruption, "they were actually afraid of it. They liked to see their father or their mother dive smoothly down into the clear goldy-brown water at their front door and out into that patch of yellow sunlight shim-

mering on the weedy bottom. But when invited to follow, they drew back into the corner and pretended to be terribly busy.

"One fine morning, however, to their great delight they were led out by the back door, under the bush, and introduced to the outside world. How huge and strange it looked to them! For a few minutes they stole about on their absurdly short, sturdy legs, poking their noses into everything and jumping back startled at the strange smells they encountered; while their parents, lying down close by, watched them lazily.

"At last, beginning to feel more at home in this big, airy world, they fell to playing with each other on the sunny bank close beside the water. Presently their parents got up and came over beside them. The father slipped gracefully in, diving and darting this way and that and throwing himself halfway out of the water.

"It was most interesting, I can tell you, and the two Little Furry Ones stopped their play, at the very edge of the bank, to watch him. But when he called to them coaxingly to come in with him and try it, they turned away their heads and pretended to think it wasn't worth

looking at after all. They would rather look at the trees and the sky. And while they were staring upward in this superior way they got a great surprise. Their mother slyly slipped her nose under them and threw them, one after the other, far out into the water."

"Ow!" exclaimed the Boy, with a little gasp of sympathy. He himself felt the shock of that sudden chill plunge.

Uncle Andy chuckled.

"That's just the way they felt," said he. "When they came to the top again they found, to their surprise, that they could swim, and feeling most indignant and injured they struck out straight for shore. But there, between them and the good dry ground, swam their mother, and she would not let them land. They did not see how mothers could be so heartless. But there was no help for it, so they swam out again very haughtily and joined their father in midstream. And before they knew it they were enjoying themselves immensely."

PART III

"And now life became much more interesting to the Little Furry Ones. For a bit it was harder to keep them out of the water than it had been to get them into it. They had their first lessons in fishing. And though they were too clumsy at first to catch even a slow, mud-grubbing sucker, they found the attempt most interesting. The stream just opposite their home was deep and quiet, but a little way below, the current ran strong; and once, having ridden down it gayly for a couple of hundred yards, they found themselves unable to swim back against it. At first they battled bravely, and were most surprised to find themselves making so little progress. Then they grew tired, and then frightened, and they were just being carried off downstream by this strange soft force when their mother arrived. The current was nothing to her. She took them on her back and shot off upstream again with them.

"After that they would ride on her back or on their father's whenever they got tired. Their parents began to take them on long trips up and down stream. You see, their housekeeping being

so simple, they didn't mind going away even for a couple of days at a time and leaving the house to look after itself.

"Sometimes, when they came upon a spot of smooth, mossy ground, they would have a wild frolic, as if they had just been let out of school; a sort of game of tag, in which the father and mother played just as hard as the youngsters. Or they would have a regular tug of war, pulling on opposite ends of a stick till the moss was all torn up, as if a little cyclone had come along that way.

"Then one day they came to a clay bank, something like that one across yonder. The old ones had been there before, but not for some time, and the clay had got all dry and hard. But the father and mother knew very well how to fix that. When they had slid down a couple of times with their fur all dripping, the track was as smooth as oil. As for the youngsters, you may depend upon it they did not need any coaxing to make them believe *that* was a good game."

"I should think not!" murmured the Boy, looking longingly over the stream to where the wet slide glistened in the sun, and wishing he

might try it without any regard whatever to the seat of his little trousers.

"Taking it all together, it was a pretty jolly life, I can tell you, there in the sweet-smelling, shadowy woods and sunny waters.

"Then one day all at once, as quick as falling off a log, everything was changed. A hunter from the city came that way. He had a good eye, a repeating rifle, and no imagination whatever. With the luck that sometimes comes to those fellows, he was sitting under a tree near the bank, staring across at the otter slide (which did not mean anything whatever or suggest anything to him, but was merely a strip of bare clay), when the otter family came to slide. The father had started down. It was most interesting — so the stranger under the tree shot instantly, and the otter came down in a crumpled heap. The mother might have escaped, but for just one second she hesitated, glancing round to see if her little ones were out of danger. That second was enough for the smart shot across the water. The otter dropped. It was good shooting, of course. The two little ones, frightened by the spiteful noise and quite unable to understand what had happened,

shrank away into some thick bushes and lay very still, waiting for their mother to come and tell them the danger was past."

"And she could never come!" murmured the Boy, thoughtfully.

"They never stirred for an hour or more. Then at last they stole out and began looking everywhere for those lost parents. All about the slide they hunted, — among the bushes at the top, in the water and the rushes at the bottom, — but they found nothing. For the man had come in his canoe and carried off his victims."

"But what became of the two Little Furry Ones after that?" demanded the Boy, refusing to stir.

"Well, *now*," protested Uncle Andy, in an injured voice, "you *know* I am not like Bill and some other folk. I don't know everything. But I've every reason to believe that, with any kind of otter luck, they lived to grow up and have families of their own, and taught every one of them, you may be sure, to slide down hill. As likely as not, that very slide over yonder belongs to one of their families. Now come along, and don't ask any more questions."

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What were the Little Furry Ones?

Describe how they slid down hill.

The Boy found out many other things while he was in the woods. Can you remember what he found out about?

The home of the otters (6)
How the Little Furry Ones looked (3)
How they learned to swim (3)
Their food (3)
Their play (3)

You will notice a figure after each topic. This number shows you how many things you should be able to tell about each one.

CAUGHT IN THE DOOR

When riding in an elevator have you ever been told to face the door? Do you know why such a request was made? This story will tell you.

"We have waited here quite a while," said Calvin Bronson, glancing up at his mother. "Two elevators have gone up. Do you think we can get into the next one?" He looked doubtfully at the crowds round him in the big department store.

"We really have waited but a few minutes," said his mother, with a smile; "but I am sure that we can get into this next elevator. Let's stand back and let the people out."

It was a Saturday afternoon two weeks before Christmas. Every year at this time Calvin went to the city with his mother to buy Christmas presents. They went through all the toy stores, they watched the clowns and the Punch and Judy shows in the big stores, and before they went home they had ice cream and cake.

This was the last toy store that they were going to visit. Calvin wanted to see its wonderful electric trains. They rushed through tunnels

and past signal towers on a shining track which curved around a long counter.

"This store is the most crowded of all," said Calvin, as he finally struggled into the big elevator. He was nearly smothered between a fat man and a large lady who had both pushed into the car. Someone's elbow hit Calvin in the back, and a careless hand tipped his hat over his eyes. He didn't mind these little things, however. Who minded anything when Christmas was only two weeks away!

"No more passengers," called the elevator man, trying to close the door.

"There's surely room for one more," said a woman who was trying to push her way in.

"No more passengers, madam. The car is full," warned the elevator man, closing the door quickly.

"I shouldn't think anyone else would want to get into this car," said Calvin to his mother. "I'm squeezed so hard that I can hardly breathe!"

"Face the door, please," called the elevator man. He gave a hasty glance round and closed the inner door with a bang. He was anxious to get started. There was another crowd already waiting for his next trip.

"Here we go at last," said Calvin, as the car began to move slowly upward.

Suddenly a woman screamed. Everyone jumped, and all turned startled faces toward a woman near the door.

"Help! Stop the elevator! My coat is caught! I'll be killed!"

There were horrified gasps from the other passengers. The woman was being crushed against the door of the car as her coat pulled her downward.

"Her coat is caught in the outer elevator door below us! Stop! stop!" cried the passengers in alarm.

The elevator man put on the emergency brake, and the car stopped with a jerk. Then he ran the car down very slowly until it reached the first floor again. He opened the outer door and this released the coat.

"Are you hurt?" asked someone in the anxious crowd around the woman.

"No; the elevator stopped in time," said the woman. She was pale and trembling. "I'll be all right in a minute. I heard the man say 'Face the door,' but I was the last one in the

car, and it was so crowded that I didn't want to turn round. I didn't realize the danger of standing with my back to the door. No one saw that my coat was caught. If I had been facing the door of the elevator, I should probably have noticed at once if my clothes had caught, and I should not have been in danger of being killed."

"Mother, that might have happened to you," said Calvin when the elevator had started again.

"I was in the back of the car so that my clothes couldn't have caught in the door," said his mother; "but after this I shall obey the rules. It is the safest way. If everyone faces the door, people will not be thrown down when there is a rush out of the elevator, or be pushed backward and fall when the crowd starts to get out quickly."

"I think that everyone who heard that woman scream will always remember to face the door of an elevator," said Calvin, as he left the car.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why are people asked to face the door when riding in an elevator?

Should it be necessary for the elevator man to tell you this? Why? What other rules should you observe when riding in an elevator?

JOAN OF ARC

The flags of France fluttered their colors from windows and walls, garlands of flowers flung their fragrance to the air, church bells rang out joyfully. Down the streets of Paris came a great procession. Soldiers and sailors, fathers and mothers, tall girls and sturdy Boy Scouts, patriotic societies and distinguished people from many cities, swung along to the strains of triumphant music. Thousands of people clapped and cheered. What was it all about? What was the name that this multitude of a hundred thousand people praised and shouted? It was the name of Jeanne d'Arc, or Joan of Arc, as we call her. Why should the name of this young girl, who had died five hundred years before, cause such rejoicing? Why were the people calling her the Saint of the Fatherland? This story will answer these questions.

Joan of Arc was born of honest country people in a plain little cottage in Domremy, France. Her birth, on the sixteenth of January in 1412, did not seem a great event, for she was merely one of a family of sturdy girls and boys. As she grew up she was so gentle and kind, so loving and helpful, that she soon became a favorite in the village. When she was old enough she helped her father in the fields and took the

cattle to pasture in the daytime. In the evening she helped her mother with the housework and the spinning.

The cottage was so close to the church that its garden bordered the cemetery. Joan often went alone to pray in the church, kneeling in the quiet, empty place. She was a thoughtful girl, and sometimes, when the other young folks were playing noisy games, she went off by herself and walked in the garden, dreaming and wondering about the good saints and longing to be like them.

One day when she was about thirteen years old she was working among the flowers. Suddenly she seemed to hear a voice from heaven, and a golden light shone on the garden path. The vision bewildered her, and she was frightened at the message the heavenly voices gave her. They told her to pray often in order to be worthy of her great mission, for, they said, the time would come when she would save France.

"But how can that be? I am but a poor young girl, knowing nothing of war and kings," said Joan, as the vision faded.

During the next five years Joan continued to

have visions. She looked up at the sky and saw heavenly figures; she walked in the fragrant garden and heard voices. As she thought over these wonders she became sure that there was a great work for her to do.

When Joan was about eighteen years old the mysterious voices commanded her to start on her mission. "The danger is great. You must help the king and save the kingdom," said the voices.

At that time France was in trouble. It was not one great country, but a collection of small and large states, governed by greedy and selfish statesmen who were working for their own interests instead of working loyally for their king and their country. The English took advantage of this divided, quarrelsome condition, and were fast conquering the land. It had reached the point where the English were besieging Orléans. If they could take that stronghold, they would overrun all southern and central France and would drive Charles, the Dauphin and the rightful king, into exile. It seemed as though only a miracle could save the kingdom.

Joan could hardly believe that it was in her power to perform such a miracle, but the

heavenly voices thrilled her with courage and filled her with determination to obey their commands.

Joan knew that her parents would not approve of her decision; so she went to an uncle and begged him to take her to Robert de Baudricourt. The voices had told her to ask Baudricourt for a guard which would take her to the Dauphin.

Her uncle was distressed at her plan, which he thought was unwise, but he finally agreed to take her on her astonishing mission. Before many more days the simple peasant girl stood before the wealthy, haughty lord. "I come to you by heavenly command," she said bravely. "A message has been given to me. I beg you to take me to the Dauphin that I may tell him to prepare to become king. His enemies will be overthrown. The voices have told me that I am to lead him safely to Rheims to be crowned."

How Baudricourt laughed! "The girl is crazy," he said, and his friends agreed, and laughed with him. It was the best joke that they had heard for a long time. A peasant girl leading a king! It was the greatest non-

sense! "Send her back to her father, and tell him to box her ears," ordered Baudricourt.

Joan sadly returned home, but before long the voices commanded her to go again to Baudricourt and renew her plea to be taken to the king. She obeyed, but it was of no use. She was only ridiculed, but this time she did not go home.

"The way will come," she said. "I must save the throne and the country."

The people of the city came to talk with her, and they liked her gentle manner and her kind, thoughtful face. Her earnestness impressed them. They began to have confidence in this quiet, innocent girl who had such great faith. Perhaps she did have a message from heaven! If the heavenly powers were with her, this young Joan of Arc might work the miracle needed to save France.

The enthusiasm for Joan spread, and finally the townsfolk put together their savings and bought a horse and armor for the peasant girl. A day was fixed for her journey, and some companions were found to accompany her. With her armor gleaming in the sun, her white banner

lifted high above her head, and her face shining with a great hope, Joan started on her long, dangerous journey.

"Do not fear; Heaven guides us," Joan told her companions. The way led through the enemy's territory, and the little group of valiant French patriots had to travel by night and hide during the daytime.

After twelve days of hard travel Joan and her companions arrived at Chinon, where the Dauphin awaited her. He had purposely taken off his royal robes and had put on a much humbler costume. He wanted to test this girl who said that she came by heavenly command.

Joan's glance swept over the great hall, crowded with all the lords of the court, and then she knelt before the Dauphin and said, "God give you happy days, gentle Dauphin."

"I am not the king," he answered, to test her. "The king is over there," and he pointed to one of the lords.

"You are the king," insisted Joan. "By the word of Heaven I am to aid you to gain your throne and your kingdom."

Then she told the king the object of her

mission. She asked for troops and promised to drive the English back from Orléans and to conduct the king safely to Rheims to be crowned.

The king was astounded at her calm confidence and her pure innocence. He sent for learned doctors and priests that they might question her and make sure that she was not a witch or a sorceress. For weeks Joan was examined and questioned, threatened and ridiculed. But the common people had no patience with the learned men. They believed that Joan was inspired, that she was a true leader of France and the deliverer of their country. The court finally yielded to the enthusiasm of the people and the earnest pleading of the peasant girl; and troops were assembled, and went forth under her command.

When Joan and her army reached Orléans the people thronged the streets so that she could hardly pass. Men, women, and children cheered her, ran along beside her horse, and tried to touch her hand.

Joan greeted them all gently and promised to deliver them from the English. Her faith encouraged everyone. The people who had been afraid and discouraged now became impatient

to go forth and conquer the enemy. Preparations were begun for the attack.

A few days later Joan, who had been resting, suddenly awoke with a cry. "Why was I not wakened? France is in peril! Quick, my armor and my horse!"

It was true. Without notifying her, some of the French troops had attacked an English fort. The attack had failed, and the French were retreating. Joan reached the fort just in time. She rallied the troops, commanded them to attack again, and led them against the enemy. In vain the English tried to withstand the assault. In spite of their desperate efforts Joan's army took the fort.

The next day another battle raged, for the French wished to follow up their first successful attack. Again they were victorious, and another English stronghold was taken. This success was followed by another fierce attack, for the French were determined to win a great victory.

Joan was leading the troops, and as the battle raged she was struck by an arrow. She drew the arrow from the wound, but refused to leave the conflict. She stopped only long enough to kneel in prayer, and then she gave the order

to attack again, crying to her soldiers, "All is yours." She urged and encouraged them, and with flying banner and fearless manner she led the French troops to victory. Orléans had been besieged for eight months. Joan and her army delivered it in four days.

Joan then hurried back to Chinon to see the king. She wished to leave at once to conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. This did not suit the king's plans, and he decided that it would be better to have Joan lead the attack on the places still held by the English.

Again Joan of Arc went forth at the head of the troops. "To work," she cried, "and God will work with you."

While the battles raged, Joan was everywhere among the men. She, who had known nothing of war, planned the attacks, strengthened the weak points in the lines, and showed the skill of a general. Nothing could daunt her. A stone thrown by the enemy struck her to the ground. In a moment she was up again, crying "Forward, men, forward!"

As the days of fighting went on, the French swept everything before them. The English

retreated in confusion. The French army, inspired by the peasant girl, led on constantly by her unshaken faith, fought on to victory. The English surrendered.

Joan's prophecy came true. France was delivered, and the king entered the city of Rheims at the head of his troops, to make ready for his coronation.

When the ceremony was over, Joan knelt at his feet and said, "Now is the will of God accomplished by my having brought you safely to the city of Rheims for your holy consecration. To you belongs the kingdom of France."

After the coronation Joan pleaded to be allowed to return to her quiet home in Domremy, but the king refused to allow this. He selfishly commanded her to renew the fighting against the English, so that they might be driven from all of France.

Joan felt that her great mission was done. She knew that many of the nobles of the king's court were jealous of her success. She knew that if the French lost a battle there would be many who would turn against her. Still she felt that she must fight for her king and her

country, so she joined the French troops who were engaged in attacks against the enemy.

Then came a sad time for the people who loved and believed in the innocent, courageous young peasant girl. The French troops were driven back. Joan, wounded, fell from her horse and was taken captive by the English, who had long been waiting for this opportunity.

The king she loved so dearly forgot his gratitude, forgot the courage and loyalty of the peasant girl who had saved him. He was busy with the pleasures of his court and made no effort to save her. Joan was imprisoned and put in chains. After a long and weary wait, during which she was guarded night and day by rough soldiers, she was tried as a sorceress, or witch. It seemed impossible that without the aid of evil spirits a simple peasant girl could have defeated the great English army. And so Joan was condemned to be burned at the stake in the old market place at Rouen.

"Have a care what you do," said Joan, "for truly I have done God's work."

On the thirtieth of May she was led to the pyre. As she stepped upon the scaffold she

knelt; then, clinging to a cross which she raised high above the flames, she died.

"We have burned a saint," exclaimed a voice in the crowd that filled the street.

As the years went by, and the history of France became full of names of people who had lived courageously and had died gloriously for their country, the name of Joan of Arc also became dear to all her countrymen. The gay procession described in the note at the head of this story was in honor of the fact that the title of "Saint" had been added to the name of the simple peasant girl of France who had saved the kingdom many, many years before. And now in every country in the world where people reverence loyalty and sacrifice, the name of the great and good Saint Joan of Arc is honored.

LYDIA LION ROBERTS

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Why did the name of Joan of Arc cause such rejoicing?

The most beautiful paintings of the French artist M. Boutet de Monvel were made to illustrate the life of "The Maid," as Joan of Arc is sometimes called. What scenes in this story do you think would make wonderful pictures? What names should you give to them?

LITTLE SNAIL[1]

This is a poem a little girl wrote about a snail. Find out what she tells about it.

I saw a little snail
Come down the garden walk.
He wagged his head this way—
    that way—
Like a clown in a circus,
He looked from side to side
As though he were from a different country.
I have always said he carried his
    house on his back—
Today in the rain
I saw that it was his umbrella.

HILDA CONKLING

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What does the little girl tell you about the snail? What should you tell if you wrote about a snail?

[1] Reprinted by permission from "Poems by a Little Girl," by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS

People of olden times were very fond of trying to explain things that happened in nature and which they could not understand. Today we know why these things occur, but in those early days the people thought the gods were responsible. Many are the beautiful myths and legends explaining things in nature which have come down to us and have been translated into our language. "The Pomegranate Seeds" is one of these myths. What does this story try to explain?

There was once a beautiful goddess called Ceres, who took care of all the harvests upon the earth. Not a kernel of corn nor a grain of wheat could ripen unless she touched it with her fingers. Not an orchard could blossom nor bear fruit, not a flower could bloom in the fields, not a single tiny blade of grass could spring up until Ceres rode by in her chariot and bade them grow. She was busy from morning to night taking care of the crops.

Mother Ceres was exceedingly fond of her daughter Proserpina. One morning she said to her, "My child, I must go far away today to look after the growing crops. While I am away you may go to the seashore to play with the sea nymphs, but do not wander far away into the fields."

Proserpina watched her mother ride swiftly away; then, singing a merry song, she hastened to the seashore, calling to the sea nymphs to come and play with her. They knew Proserpina's voice and were not long in showing their glistening faces and sea-green hair above the water. They brought along with them a great many beautiful shells, and, sitting down on the moist sand, they made necklaces with them, which they hung around Proserpina's neck.

When she wished to gather flowers to make wreaths for them, she begged them to go with her a little way into the fields.

"Oh, no! dear Proserpina," cried the sea nymphs, "we dare not go with you upon the dry land. We are apt to grow faint unless at every breath we can snuff up the salt breeze of the ocean. We will wait for you here."

Proserpina wandered into the fields and filled her apron with the choicest flowers she could find. Soon her apron was brimming over with delightful blossoms. As she was about to return, she beheld a large shrub covered with the most magnificent flowers in the world. She picked some of the blossoms for her wreaths and then decided to take the plant home. She pulled and pulled, but was hardly able to loosen the soil about its roots. At last, however, she tore it from the earth, leaving a large hole in the ground, which seemed to grow deeper and wider.

Soon Proserpina heard a rumbling like thunder under her feet. Then she saw four black horses coming toward her from the opening, drawing a golden chariot. There was a man in the chariot wearing rich garments and with a crown of diamonds upon his head. Before Proserpina could run away he had seized her and had drawn her into the chariot, and was driving

away with her down through the bottomless hole in the earth and away from the fields and the daylight.

"Mother Ceres! Mother Ceres!" cried Proserpina, and she struggled to pull herself away, but she could not succeed.

"Mother Ceres, come!" she called, but Ceres was a long way off and could not hear her.

The horses seemed to fly. "I am King Pluto," said the man in the chariot. "The gold, and the silver, and the diamonds, and all the precious stones of the earth are mine. You shall have them all, Proserpina, if you will only live with me in my palace. I am lonely, and I have wished for a little girl like you."

But Proserpina only cried the louder as she said, "Oh, no, no! I want my mother, and the flowers, and the sunshine!"

Soon they came to the palace of Pluto. It seemed very dark and dismal to Proserpina, and very cold too. A feast was ready for her, but she would not eat. She knew that anyone who ate in Pluto's home could never again return to earth. She was very unhappy, though Pluto tried in many ways to please her.

Everything on the earth was unhappy, too. One by one the flowers hung their heads and said, "We cannot bloom, for Proserpina is gone." The trees dropped their leaves and moaned, "Proserpina is gone, gone." The birds flew away, calling, "We cannot sing, for Proserpina is gone."

When Ceres came home and could not find her daughter, she went to the seashore to look for her. There she saw the sea nymphs still waiting for Proserpina. Ceres was much frightened at the story they told. She lighted her torch and started out to look up and down the world for her daughter. Nine days and nights she wandered.

Finally she visited Apollo, the sun god, who sees everything. He told Ceres that, ten days before, Pluto had carried Proserpina to the lower world.

When Ceres heard this, she said that nothing should grow on the face of the earth until her daughter was restored to her.

The farmers plowed and planted, but no grain came up. The flower beds were empty. The cows and sheep starved, because there was no grass for them to eat. And Ceres cried, "There shall nothing grow upon the earth until my little girl comes home again."

At last Jupiter, pitying the people because the earth yielded no fruit, sent Hermes to urge Pluto to let Proserpina return to her mother.

Hermes gladly obeyed, and he whispered the joyful news to all he met on his way. "I am going for Proserpina. I am going for Proserpina. Be ready to welcome her back!"

He soon arrived in the gloomy kingdom under the earth and gave Pluto the message from Jupiter. He told about the barren earth, and of how Ceres was mourning for her child. He said that she would not let anything grow until Proserpina came back. "The people will starve if she does not soon return," he said.

Just before Hermes entered the palace King Pluto's servant had given Proserpina a pomegranate he had found in the upper world. It was so withered and dry that the maiden at first refused to touch it. But the servant said it was the only one he could find. When Proserpina was alone she thought she would take the pomegranate in her hands. "At least I may smell it," she thought.

So she took up the pomegranate and held it to her nose. And somehow or other, having

it so close to her mouth, she began to eat it. Just then Pluto and Hermes entered the room. She quickly returned the fruit to the plate, but six of the seeds were left in her mouth.

Pluto told her how much she was missed in the upper world. He said that he should be lonely without her, but that it would not be right to keep her any longer. Proserpina was very glad to go, and Hermes hurried her away.

Joy gave her wings, and as swiftly as Hermes himself, Proserpina flew up into the sunshine.

Apollo saw her and rose higher and higher into the sky. A gentle breeze came rustling from the southeast and whispered the joyful news to everything he met.

Suddenly the flowers sprang up, the birds flocked together and sang, the trees put on bright-green leaves. Everything, great and small, began to say in its own language, "Be happy, for Proserpina has come! Proserpina has come!"

Poor Ceres was sitting on her doorstep holding her torch when all at once it flickered, and then went out altogether.

"What is this?" she cried. "My torch must not go out until I find Proserpina!"

But just then Proserpina ran straight into Mother Ceres' arms. Mother and daughter shed many tears of joy.

After a time Ceres asked her daughter if she had eaten anything while in King Pluto's palace.

"Only six pomegranate seeds, mother," said Proserpina.

"Ah, Proserpina," cried Ceres, "then, for each seed, you must spend one month of every year at King Pluto's palace, and I may have you only for the other six."

So half the year Proserpina lived with her mother, and Ceres drove over the earth and bade the crops grow and flourish. For the other half Proserpina went to King Pluto's palace to make him happy.

When she had gone, Ceres carefully covered the rivers and lakes and spread a soft white blanket over the sleeping earth. Then she too fell asleep and dreamed pleasant dreams, and did not awake until she felt Proserpina's warm kiss on her forehead.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Abridged*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What does this story try to explain?

This is a story which is often told on a nature-study program. If you can place these marginal headings in their proper places, it will help you to remember the story.

Ceres' search for Proserpina
Proserpina and the pomegranate
The work of Ceres
The capture
Playing with the sea nymphs
Ceres leaves Proserpina
Sadness on the earth
Jupiter's pity and help
The reunion of Ceres and Proserpina
Ceres' decree and its result
The earth rejoices
Gathering blossoms
The new work of Ceres
Pluto frees Proserpina

Copy the blank on a piece of paper and fill it in as shown by the samples given below.

Marginal Heading	Page Number	Paragraph Number
The work of Ceres	276	1
Playing with the sea nymphs	276, 277	1

EXPLORING THE AIR

Many boys and girls have asked the question What different kinds of airships are there, what are they used for, and what keeps them from falling? "Exploring the Air" will answer this question.

There was great excitement in the king's garden in France. The ladies of the court gathered in a group and talked excitedly. The men lingered on the paths and looked up at the sky. Everyone seemed to be watching for something or someone.

"Did you know that a sheep, a rooster, and a duck are to be the first passengers?" said one richly gowned lady in waiting to another.

"I trust that the poor things will come down safely," said another, with a laugh.

"Here he comes!" cried a voice. "Now we shall see if this daring inventor can really send a balloon up in the air."

The crowd watched breathlessly while the inventor examined the basket which was attached to an oval-shaped balloon. Willing hands placed the three animals in the basket, the ropes were cut, and the balloon rose in the air.

"Look, it goes higher and higher!" cried a man in the crowd. "It really sails in the air!"

"Wonderful!" murmured the king. "Such a thing has never been done before. If the animals live, it will mean that the air a mile above the earth can be safely breathed. Perhaps a man might be able to live in it."

The balloon came down in a peasant's field, frightening the poor man nearly to death. The sheep, the rooster, and the duck were alive and made indignant noises when they were taken out of the basket.

A month later two men had the courage to attempt a flight in the air. The balloon which carried them was blown over Paris, but it came down safely.

"We shall soon be flying through the air like the birds," said the people in delight.

It was then the year 1783; but because there were many difficulties to be overcome, it was many years later before much further progress in flying was made.

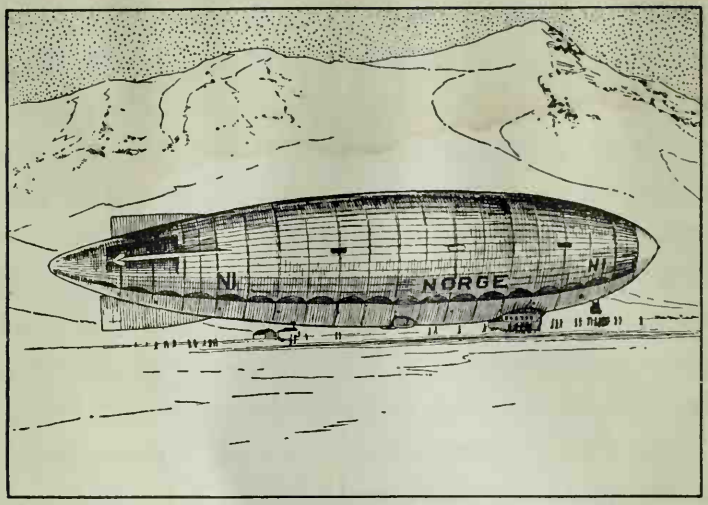
The balloon was lighter than the air, and so it could "sail in the sea of air in which we live, as easily as a ship sails on the sea of water in

which the fishes live." But the balloon was at the mercy of the weather. This made the flight of the balloon unsatisfactory and dangerous.

Many ways were tried to overcome these defects. At last it was found that an engine and a rudder could be added to the balloon, and in this way its flight could be steered. This was the beginning of the airship, or dirigible, which could be held up in the air because the gas in the bag made it lighter than the air.

As the years passed, various improvements were made in the airship. Finally Count Zeppelin of the German army invented a large sausage-shaped dirigible. This was covered with thin metal or strong cloth. The inside of the dirigible was divided into several compartments, which were filled with gas bags. Hanging from the framework were cars for the engine, the crew, and the passengers. This was a great advance over the old wind-blown balloons.

The modern airship, or dirigible, uses for inflation a gas called helium, which will not explode. This adds to the safety of its flight. These airships also carry a radio, by which the people in them can keep in touch with the stations on land.



The *Norge*

It was considered a wonderful event when the first balloons made a flight of a few hundred miles, but not long ago a dirigible made a flight of eight thousand miles. This was the *Norge*, commanded by General Nobile of Italy. This dirigible carried supplies which would enable it to remain in the air a month at a time, if necessary. It was made so that it could land on sea or on the ground without outside aid. The *Norge* was the first airship to fly over the north pole, though an American airplane had flown over the pole a few days earlier.

The *Los Angeles*, which is a dirigible owned by the United States, crossed the Atlantic and arrived here in October, 1924. The long trip was made in less than four days. This dirigible is over six hundred feet long and weighs forty-six tons. It can carry the same weight in freight, ammunition, or passengers. The cells which hold the gas are arranged so that they can be inspected from a corridor which runs from one side of the airship to the other.

On October 15, 1928, the first "air ocean liner," the *Graf Zeppelin*, arrived in the United States after a successful voyage from Germany. This big dirigible, which was under the command of Dr. Hugo Eckener, was built somewhat like the *Los Angeles*, but it was much larger, being seven hundred and seventy-six feet long. It was felt that an advance in air travel had been made by the use of Blau gas as fuel for the engines, which overcame certain disadvantages of the oils formerly used. The *Graf Zeppelin* carried twenty passengers and a crew of forty men, and it was comfortably equipped with a kitchen, dining room, living room, and ten bedrooms. This was the first commercial trip ever made

by an airship, and the passenger fare was three thousand dollars.

But from the first everyone was not satisfied with the machines which were lighter than air. Experimenting was carried on with another type.

"The airship is large and expensive to build, and it needs a crew of men to control it," said an inventor. "It ought to be possible to make a small flying machine in less time and for less money. A different kind of flying machine could be controlled by one or two men."

"If we could find a way to fly in a machine which is heavier than air, it might solve all those problems," said one of the men who wanted to be a "rider of the wind."

After many attempts an inventor made a machine called a glider. This had to be flown from a height to give it a start in the air, and it would stay up for only a short time.

"If we could put an engine in the glider, it could rise from any level and fly for a longer time," said one of the Wright brothers. The two Wright boys had a bicycle repair shop in Dayton, Ohio, and for years they had been interested in the problem of flying.

"Let's see what we can do with a gasoline engine such as is used in motorcycles," suggested the other brother.

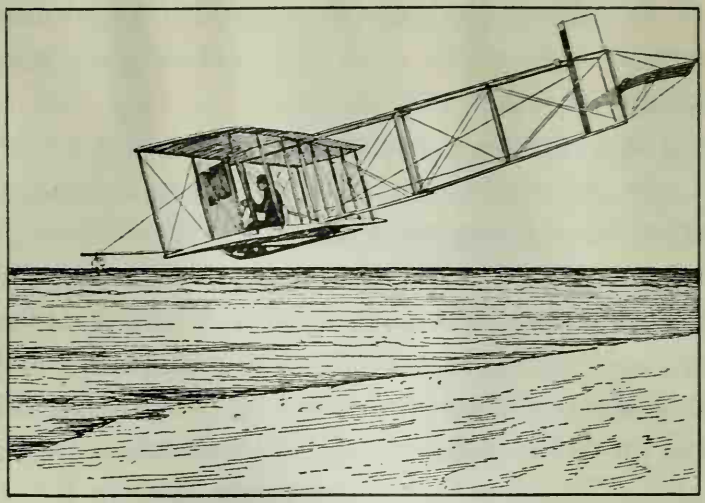
The brothers experimented again and again. It was not easy to find the right way to build a motor in a flying machine and keep the proper balance. Their attempts ended in one failure after another, but they kept on. After three years of studying and experimenting they felt that their efforts were nearing success. "We will go to the seacoast of North Carolina," they said. "The Weather Bureau says that in a certain place there the wind blows steadily nearly all the time. We need steady winds for the flight of our new machine."

The brothers went to the lonely shore, and after months of hard work they finished a machine which had an engine and a propeller.

"We have done all we can," said one of the boys. "Now we'll test our new flying machine."

On December 17, 1903, the trial was made. A few friends and other interested people gathered on the shore at Kitty Hawk to watch the experiment.

"You get in, and I will help to start it," said Wilbur Wright.



Orville Wright making a landing

Orville Wright climbed into the flying machine and started the engine. The motor roared, and the propeller whirred.

"All ready," called Orville. His brother released the wire which held the machine to its wooden traces.

It was an anxious moment. Could the machine rise in the air? Would the heavy engine and propeller unbalance it or drag it to earth again? Would Orville be killed in his daring attempt to explore the air? Was it really possible that a machine heavier than the air could ride upon

it, and fly onward and upward like a bird? These questions were in everyone's mind as the machine started forward jerkily. The people who were watching hardly breathed.

"Look!" cried one of the watchers, excitedly. "It is rising! There it goes! It flies! it flies!"

The Wright brothers had won another triumph over the air. Their machine was heavier than the air, but it flew. After it was successful the idea seemed very simple. As someone said, the airplane was only "a huge box kite with an engine-driven propeller instead of a string." It stayed in the air because the force of the propeller dragged it forward. The more forward power was applied to a plane, the more weight it could lift, and the faster it could go.

These machines which are heavier than air are called airplanes. They are named monoplanes, biplanes, or triplanes according to whether they have one pair of wings, or two, or three pairs. When an airplane was made that could rise from the water, or land on the water like a flying boat, it was called a seaplane.

A few years after the Wright brothers had made several successful flights, men were build-

warmly. When this flight into the higher air was made, Macready wore three suits of woolen underwear under a heavy knitted garment of wool. A thick, heavily padded leather-covered suit of down completed the costume. On his head he wore a leather head mask lined with fur, and this, with the oxygen mask, entirely covered his face. His goggles were coated on the inside with a mixture which would not freeze.

Airplanes had flown over the land and over the sea, but still greater flights were coming. In 1924 some United States Army Air Service planes flew round the world! They left Seattle, Washington, in April, went by way of Alaska, Japan, India, England, and Iceland and returned to this country in September. In only six months' time these courageous explorers of the air had flown a distance of over twenty-six thousand miles.

The next thing the airplane did that surprised the world was to explore the icy, treacherous spaces of the north pole. In the year 1926 Commander Richard E. Byrd flew from Spitzbergen to the north pole and back in about

fifteen hours. When Peary explored this same region he was out of touch with the rest of the world for more than a year. By using the airplane Commander Byrd left civilization early one morning and returned in the afternoon.

But there was still one record unbroken, another route to be explored. In January, 1927, a magazine article said, "The prize for the first nonstop flight between New York and Paris still remains to be won."

The months went by, and one day in the spring a young air-mail pilot in the United States Air Service announced that he was going to enter the contest.

Early on the morning of May 20, after a long and thorough inspection of his machine, the young aviator was ready to start. He put a few sandwiches and a bottle of water in the airplane, which he had named the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and climbed aboard. He waved his hand to the crowd who were watching, flew upward until he was but a silvery streak in the sky, and then was gone.

Thirty-three and a half hours later, on May 21, a great crowd of people stood on a flying field in

ing flying machines in all civilized countries. There was a great deal of studying and experimenting to be done to perfect the machines and make flying safer. There were many new problems to be faced in exploring the air. No one knew how high an aviator might fly or how long an airplane could stay in the air. Could an airplane cross rivers and mountains? Would it be possible to fly over the ocean? The only way these many questions could be answered was for the explorers of the air to try many new and daring flights.

At first a flight of a hundred and fifty miles in an airplane was news that went all over the world; but before many years had passed, new and wonderful flying records were made. The United States became one of the leaders in the air, and to American airmen went many of the honors of aviation.

Commander Read was the explorer who answered the question about crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Under his command the United States Navy seaplane, the *NC-4*, flew from Newfoundland to Portugal in May, 1919. It seemed a miracle that men could fly across a great ocean.

In 1923 Lieutenants Kelly and Macready of the United States navy made the first nonstop flight across America when they flew from New York to San Diego. It used to take many weary months of hard travel to cover this distance, but the airplane took only twenty-seven hours. This proved that the airplane could fly quickly across rivers and mountains.

How fast could an airplane go? The modern trains whizzed by at a mile a minute. Could an airplane fly faster than that? Various records were made, and not long ago an American airplane reached a speed of over four miles a minute.

When the first balloon was sent up from the king's garden, people were not sure that anyone could live in the air a mile or more above the earth. The modern explorers of the air wondered how high they could safely go. Lieutenant John A. Macready answered this question when he flew eight miles up in the air. This proved that men can live in the upper air, although the atmosphere is so different that oxygen has to be supplied to the men to enable them to breathe.

There is danger of freezing in the regions above the earth, and the aviators must dress

warmly. When this flight into the higher air was made, Macready wore three suits of woolen underwear under a heavy knitted garment of wool. A thick, heavily padded leather-covered suit of down completed the costume. On his head he wore a leather head mask lined with fur, and this, with the oxygen mask, entirely covered his face. His goggles were coated on the inside with a mixture which would not freeze.

Airplanes had flown over the land and over the sea, but still greater flights were coming. In 1924 some United States Army Air Service planes flew round the world! They left Seattle, Washington, in April, went by way of Alaska, Japan, India, England, and Iceland and returned to this country in September. In only six months' time these courageous explorers of the air had flown a distance of over twenty-six thousand miles.

The next thing the airplane did that surprised the world was to explore the icy, treacherous spaces of the north pole. In the year 1926 Commander Richard E. Byrd flew from Spitzbergen to the north pole and back in about

fifteen hours. When Peary explored this same region he was out of touch with the rest of the world for more than a year. By using the airplane Commander Byrd left civilization early one morning and returned in the afternoon.

But there was still one record unbroken, another route to be explored. In January, 1927, a magazine article said, "The prize for the first nonstop flight between New York and Paris still remains to be won."

The months went by, and one day in the spring a young air-mail pilot in the United States Air Service announced that he was going to enter the contest.

Early on the morning of May 20, after a long and thorough inspection of his machine, the young aviator was ready to start. He put a few sandwiches and a bottle of water in the airplane, which he had named the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and climbed aboard. He waved his hand to the crowd who were watching, flew upward until he was but a silvery streak in the sky, and then was gone.

Thirty-three and a half hours later, on May 21, a great crowd of people stood on a flying field in

France. They were waiting for the airplane which was coming from America.

"It is getting late," said one of the watchers. "It is almost half-past ten. I fear something has happened to the young American."

"Look!" shouted a man, as there was a sudden whirring above the crowd. "Look! He comes!" and he pointed upward.

A silver-gray monoplane came out of the sky and settled slowly to the ground. A hundred thousand people rushed forward with cheers and shouts of welcome. The news flashed over the waiting world that Lieutenant Charles A. Lindbergh of the United States had arrived safely in France! Another explorer of the air had won!

This young aviator had come alone over the long miles between the two countries. He flew on and on, roaring through the dark hours of the night, battling with fog and sleet, and keeping his steady course in the clouds high above the earth. His keen eyes hardly left the instruments which guided his path through the air. He rode with every nerve alert to notice each movement of his airplane. There was neither pilot nor passenger to keep him company as his motor whirred the

hours away. There was no one to aid him if anything went wrong. His own cool brain and tremendous courage must win, and win alone.

Colonel Lindbergh was honored abroad for his daring flight, and his modest, sincere personality made many friends for himself and for the country that he represented. When he returned to the United States he was given every possible honor which could be bestowed upon him as a tribute for what he had done and for what he was.

It is these wonderful triumphs over the dangers of the air that have made possible the great advance in aviation. Colonel Lindbergh says that the flying of the future will bring greater wonders than anything the world has yet dreamed of. He feels that we have only begun to find out the possibilities of the airplane, and yet today we are using it in many new ways.

In the World War airplanes were found useful for observation, conflict, and bombing. After the war many ways were found in which these flying cars could be used for purposes of peace. Europe has a large system of air-passenger lines which run airplanes on regular schedules to the capitals of the various European countries. In the United

States the air-passenger lines and air-mail routes are being rapidly developed.

The airplane has shown its value as a flying first-aid in several ways. Airplanes have been used to bring supplies of all kinds to cities which have been cut off by floods. It is expected that they will be of great help on the ocean, where they can get in touch with ships in distress when all other means have failed. In this way the flying machine will aid the work of the coast guards.

In the forests of our country the airplane is a valuable help in the fight against forest fires. Airplane patrols cover certain districts and report the first sign of danger.

In the great cotton fields of the South the airplane is used to fight the boll weevil. The airplane flies above the long miles of cotton fields and spreads below it trails of powder which quickly destroy the tiny but terrible enemy of the crops.

The airplane has proved its value in surveying and mapping places which have been almost impossible to reach by land. A camera is now made which takes pictures automatically as the

plane flies over miles and miles of territory. These air pictures are of great value in surveying for railroads, for highways, for irrigation purposes, for forestry, for harbor work, and for many other enterprises.

The heroic explorers of the air have won for us many advantages by their courage and daring. We are beginning to realize the great possibilities of the airplane. We may hear of some new, thrilling triumph of the air tomorrow morning!

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

At the top of a sheet of paper write the following topics:

Kinds of airships; what keeps each from falling; uses of each.

Under each of these topics write the appropriate facts you have learned from this article.

Make a list of other questions which the selection answers.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

This is another story that has come down to us from the old Greeks and Romans. Ulysses, a Greek warrior, had many adventures. As you read these, decide which one is the most exciting.

PART I

This story tells of the wanderings of Ulysses and his followers as they returned from Troy, after the destruction of that famous city of Asia by the Grecians.

As they sailed past the coast of Thrace a dreadful tempest arose, and for the space of nine days contrary winds drove them in an opposite direction from the point to which they were bound. They coasted along unknown shores until they reached a land where the Cyclopes dwelt. The Cyclopes were giant shepherds, who had only one eye each, and that was in the middle of the forehead. Here Ulysses, with a chosen party of twelve men, landed to explore and see what sort of people dwelt there — whether friendly to strangers, or wild and savage.

The first sign of habitation which they came to was a giant's cave, rudely fashioned. Taking with them a goatskin flagon of wine, they ventured in. While they were looking at the curious things their ears were suddenly deafened with a noise like the falling of a house. It was Polyphemus, the largest and most savage of the Cyclopes, who boasted that he was the son of Neptune. He was returning from the fields with his sheep and goats. By the faint light of the fire that he kindled he saw some of Ulysses' men.

"Ho, guests! Who are you? Merchants or wandering thieves?" he bellowed.

Ulysses replied that they were Greeks on their way home from Troy, who had been blown out of their path, and begged his hospitality. Polyphemus answered nothing, but, seizing two of the nearest of them, devoured them. When he had made an end of his wicked supper, he drained a draft of goat's milk and lay down and went to sleep. Then Ulysses drew his sword to kill him, but was stopped by the thought that there was no one else who could move the huge stone the Cyclops had placed across the entrance.

PART II

The Greeks crowded sail and voyaged until they came to the island where Æolus, the king of the winds, ruled. Here they were kindly received, and for a month they were feasted and entertained by the good monarch. Then he dismissed them with many presents. To Ulysses he gave an ox's hide in which he had fastened all the winds except the west wind, which was to blow them to Ithaca. This bag, tied with a glittering band, Ulysses hung up at the mast, where the men looked at it and wondered about its contents.

On the tenth day they neared their own country, and Ulysses, overcome with weariness, fell asleep. The sailors seized this opportunity to see what gift it was that Æolus had given their leader, thinking it was heavier gold than they had received. They untied the bag, and out rushed all the winds! Ulysses was filled with grief and bitter disappointment. In one hour they were driven back all the distance they had made in nine days, and found themselves nearing the country of Æolus again.

When the king of the winds saw them returning in this manner, he was filled with indignation at their ingratitude, and said to Ulysses, "Wretch! Quit our shores! It is not right for us to help those whom the gods hate."

PART III

Forth they sailed again, but with very different hopes from those with which they had left that harbor the first time. They were now the sport of every wind that blew. Six days and nights they drove along, and were about to shelter in a large port called Lamos, when the inhabitants of the country came out of their city. They were giants and ogres; and, tearing up huge pieces of rock, they flung them at the ships, destroying all but the one in which Ulysses was.

On went this single ship until it came to the island of Ææa, where lived the sorceress Circe. The stock of provisions and water was almost gone, so Ulysses divided his men into two companies, with himself at the head of one, and Eurylochus at the head of the other. They cast lots to see which should go into the country, and the lot fell on Eurylochus.

The exploring party came to the gate of the house of Circe, where they saw many beasts — lions, wolves, and leopards. These beasts rose and leaped upon the men, but did not hurt them, and soon the enchantress came and bade them enter. She led them to a great hall and placed before them a feast. When they had eaten and drunk, she touched them with her magic rod, and at once they were changed into swine, but they still retained the minds of men.

Eurylochus had stayed outside the gate when the men went in, and as they did not reappear, he hurried back to Ulysses, telling him all that had happened. Ulysses snatched his sword and bow and went alone to the mansion of Circe. As he was about to open the gate, Mercury stopped him and told him the fate of his companions. But neither his words nor his coming from heaven could stop Ulysses. Seeing this, the god gave him a white flower which is a guard against enchantment, and said, "Take this in thy hand, and enter boldly; and when Circe shall strike thee with her rod, rush upon her with thy sword and make her do thy will."

When Mercury had departed, Ulysses beat upon the gate, and Circe came and opened it. She set Ulysses upon a throne and offered him refreshment. When he had eaten, she struck him with her rod, crying, "Out swine! To your sty!" But Ulysses retained his form and charged upon her with his sword. When she saw her charms fail she fell on her knees and cried out, "Thou canst be no other than Ulysses!"

At Ulysses' bidding Circe went to the sty and let out his men, who came out like swine. She smeared an ointment on them, and at once they resumed their own forms and clung with joy to their leader. To make her atonement complete, Circe sent for the rest of the men, and when all were reunited, she thought of pleasures, delights, and entertainments that lasted a year.

At length Ulysses' thoughts of home and wife and little son were too strong to permit him to linger. He told Circe of his longing to be on his way, and she answered, "O Ulysses, it is not in my power to detain you. But before you go you must visit the house of Death, and discover whether you shall ever see your own land

again." So Ulysses went to the sacred grove of Proserpine, and there heard the words of a prophet who told him that he must suffer because he had put out the eye of the sea god's son. He would also become a beggar and perish by his own guests, unless he killed those who did not know him.

PART IV

The time for departure came, and Ulysses and his men took leave of Circe, who gave them a favoring breeze to bear them part of the way. When it died down, Ulysses guessed that the dreadful island of the sirens was near. Therefore he made cakes of wax, as Circe had told him to do, and stopped the ears of his men. Then he caused himself to be bound hand and foot to the mast, and commanded the men to row as fast as possible past the fatal shore, where these beautiful maidens devoured the men whom they first lured by their singing. Their singing was more beautiful than words can describe, and it charmed the ear of Ulysses. But all his commands and threats were unheard by his men, and they escaped that peril.

They had not sailed a hundred leagues farther, when they heard a roar far off, which Ulysses knew to be the barking of Scylla's dogs. Ulysses went up and down, encouraging his men, telling them that they were in no greater danger than when they were blocked up in the Cyclops' cave, yet heaven had granted them escape. He particularly cheered the pilot, for on his skill in guiding the vessel between the two terrible rocks depended their lives.

They heard him and, like men, took to their oars.

On one side was Charybdis, sitting beneath a great rock, drinking in a lake of water and spitting it out again the next moment as a giant whirlpool. They were watching her in horror, when Scylla, a creature sitting on the opposite rock, stretched out her six long necks and caught up a man in each mouth.

Escaped from the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, they reached the Trinacrian shore. Here they beheld oxen grazing that were of such size and beauty that Ulysses knew at once that they were the Oxen of the Sun. So great was his terror lest harm befall any of the holy oxen,

that he wished to set sail immediately. But his men refused to move until they had rested. They said that the nerves of Ulysses must be made of steel, but they were only men, and must eat and sleep. However, they promised to do no harm to the cattle.

For a month they were kept on the island by contrary winds, and at first the men kept their promise to Ulysses. But at last the provisions were gone, and the men took advantage of a time when Ulysses was asleep, and killed and ate seven of the oxen. When Ulysses awoke, it was too late to prevent their rash banquet, but he knew that the Sun would be revenged.

Divine vengeance fell upon them as they set sail from the island. A dreadful tempest arose, and the lightning bolts killed every member of the crew except Ulysses. He tied himself to a drifting mast and floated about with all the motions of the sea for nine days. At the end of that time he found himself near the mouth of a little river, and crept to land, half drowned. He kissed the humble earth in token of gratitude for safety, and finding a thicket of low trees which had their branches intertwined, he went

in, heaped up leaves all about himself, and lay down in the midst.

He found, in the morning, that he was in the land of the Phæacians, whose king, Alcinous, was most kind to him, and entertained him right royally with games and banquets. When Ulysses made himself known, and told of his desire to reach Ithaca, Alcinous ordered one of his finest ships made ready and, heaping gifts upon Ulysses, sped him on his way.

When they reached the nearest Ithacan port, Ulysses was still asleep, and the sailors, unwilling to wake him, laid him in a cave, placing the gifts of King Alcinous beside him.

PART V

The goddess Minerva met Ulysses when he waked, and told him of the events which had taken place in Ithaca during his absence — how his palace, wanting its king, was now the resort of insolent men, who had come as suitors to Penelope, Ulysses' wife. However, the queen remained single, but was really a state prisoner, because the men occupied the house under pretense of waiting for her answer.

Then the goddess changed the appearance of Ulysses, and he became a beggar, as the prophecy had said he should do. Next he went to the cottage of his herdsman, Eumæus, to ask for hospitality. The old herdsman was full of stories of his former kind master and king, and filled with indignation at the suitors in the palace. He kept the pretended beggar overnight, and in the morning young Prince Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, came to see the stranger, hoping that he might have news of Ulysses. Minerva changed his form once more, and Ulysses embraced his son.

Then said Ulysses, "Tell me who these suitors are, and what of their number, and how the queen stands with them."

"She fears to displease them by a direct refusal," answered Telemachus, "and, indeed, they are so many in number that there is need of caution."

Then Ulysses told his son to go back and mingle with the suitors, and in no way to tell his secret, but to have ready his armor. And as Telemachus promised and departed, Ulysses once more became the beggar.

From the house of Eumæus, the beggar went to the palace and, going into the banquet hall, crept from one suitor to the next, asking alms. When he reached Telemachus, the young man gave him of his own meat, and his own cup to drink from. At that the suitors were offended, and the chief of them all, Antinous, said, "Prince Telemachus does ill to encourage these wandering beggars. This is some saucy vagabond."

"I see," said Ulysses, "that a poor man should get but little from your board; scarce should he get salt from your hands if he brought his own meat."

Lord Antinous was indignant at the answer, and smote the beggar on the neck. But Ulysses said, "If a poor man has any god to take his part, my Lord Antinous shall not live to be the queen's husband."

When evening had come and the feast had been concluded, the suitors departed, each man to his own apartment. Only Ulysses and Telemachus remained. And now Telemachus, acting by his father's direction, brought down into the hall both armor and lances from the armory, for Ulysses said, "On the morrow we shall have

need of them." And they sat all night cleaning and watching the armor.

With daylight the suitors again filled the hall; and some wondered and inquired what the stack of armor was doing there. To all that asked, Telemachus answered that it had been lying unused so long that it was rusted and needed cleaning.

Now there was a bow in the palace which Ulysses had left when he went to Troy. It had lain by since that time, out of use and unstrung, for no man had strength to draw the bow save only Ulysses. This bow Telemachus had brought from the armory, with the quiver of arrows belonging to it. He now proposed to the suitors that they should try their strength, and promised his mother in marriage to the man who could string and use the bow. To prove her son's words, Penelope herself came down, and never had she appeared so lovely.

Then the bow was brought and a mark was set up, and Lord Antinous, as the chief of the suitors, had the first trial. He took the bow and tried to bend it. But not with all his might and main could he put a string on the bow, and he desisted,

blushing with shame and anger. Nor had any of the other suitors any better luck.

Ulysses then prayed that he might have leave to try, and at once a clamor arose. But Telemachus ordered the bow to be given into the hands of the beggar. Ulysses took the bow and surveyed all its parts; and then as a harper in tuning his harp draws out the string, with such ease did he draw to the head the string of the bow. When he let it go, it sounded with such a shrill noise as a swallow makes when it sings through the air. The skies thundered as Ulysses again took up the bow, and he knew that his long labors were nearly at an end. He beckoned Telemachus to come to him, and together they rushed to the great door.

"Thus far," Ulysses cried, "this contest has been harmless. Now for us there rests another mark, harder to hit." And he let fly an arrow at Antinous, which pierced him in the throat as he was in the act of lifting a cup to his lips. Amazement seized the suitors, and they flew for their arms. But Ulysses revealed himself, and told them that for their wickedness toward him this destruction was come upon them. He dealt his deadly arrows among them, and Telemachus plied

them thick with the lances he had ready near him. Nor did they stop until they had laid all their foes at their feet. Then Ulysses remembered the words of the prophecy, which said that he was to perish by his own guests unless he killed those who knew him not.

Then certain of the household told Penelope what had happened, but she would not believe it until Ulysses and Telemachus had washed their hands and had come to her. Then she distrusted no longer, but ran and fell upon Ulysses' neck.

So from that time the land had rest from the suitors; and the happy Ithacans, with songs of praise to the gods and solemn sacrifices of thanksgiving, celebrated the return of Ulysses.

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Which is the most exciting adventure that Ulysses had?

How many adventures are described?

What should you name each?

In class give the name of one of the adventures to one of your classmates and see if he can describe what took place.

WHITE BIRCHES

Have you ever seen white birch trees? What were they doing? In this poem Rachel Field tells what she saw some white birches doing. What should you like to know?

Over the meadows
    The birch trees gay,
Like thin, white girls
    On a holiday,
Stand tiptoe all
    In their leaf-green dresses,
While each to the other
    Bends and presses,
As if they whispered
    Secrets shy
About the people
    Passing by.

RACHEL FIELD

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did the poem tell you that the white birches were doing? What makes Rachel Field think that the birches are whispering to each other?

What are the birches like? Why?

What expressive words are used?

JOHN MUIR

You have read many stories about men who are called heroes. This story was taken from a book called "Heroes of Today." Read the story and decide whether John Muir can rightly be called a hero.

Little John Muir loved everything that was wild. The warnings and "skelpings" of his strict father could not keep him within the safe limits of the home garden. The true world was beyond — the salt meadows, with nests of skylarks and field mice; the rocky pools along the shore where one might find crabs, eels, and all sorts of interesting scaly creatures. But, above all, there were the rocky heights where one might climb.

Sometimes the truant was sent to bed without his supper, but even then he made opportunities for climbing feats. In company with his little brother David, John played games of "scootchers" (dares), in which the boys crept out of their dormer windows and found congenial mountaineering exercise on the slate roof, sometimes hanging from the eaves by one hand, or even — for an instant — by a single finger.

It was only on Saturdays and during vacations, however, that these lads could taste the delights of roving. Johnnie Muir's school days began when he was not quite three years old. Can you picture the sturdy infant trudging along, with the sea wind blowing out behind him, like a flag, the little green bag that his mother had hung around his neck to hold his first book? This infant had already learned his letters, however, from the shop signs, and it was not long before he passed the first milestone and spelled his way into the second book. When eight years old, John entered the grammar school. Here he studied Latin and French, besides English, history, geography, and arithmetic. In regard to the methods employed, this doughty Scotchman used to say, with a twinkle, "We were simply driven point-blank against our books, like a soldier against the enemy, and sternly ordered, 'Up and at 'em! Commit your lessons to memory!' If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped."

From the school playground the boys loved to watch the ships at sea and guess where they were bound. In stormy weather, that brought

the salt spray from the waves over the wall, they often saw the brave vessels tossed against the rocky shore. Many of John's schoolbooks showed ships at full sail on the margins, particularly the one that stirred his imagination most—the reader which told about the forests of America, with their wonderful birds and sugar-maple trees.

One evening, when John and David were loyally trying to forget dreams of voyages to magic lands, where brave adventure awaited one at every turn, and to master their lessons for the next day, their father came into the room with wonderful news.

"Bairns," he said, "you need na learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gaen to America the morn!"

How the words sang in their hearts—"America the morn!" Instead of grammar, a land where sugar trees grew in ground full of gold; with forests where numbers of eagles, hawks, and pigeons circled about millions of birds' nests; where deer hid in every thicket; and where there was never a gamekeeper to deny a lad the freedom of the woods!

Only their grandfather looked troubled, and said in a voice that trembled more than usual, "Ah, puir laddies! Ye'll find something else ower the sea forby [besides] gold and birds' nests. Ye'll find plenty of hard, hard work."

But nothing could cast a shadow on their joy. "I'm gaen to Amaraka the morn!" they shouted to their envying, doubting schoolmates.

It took six weeks and a half for the old-fashioned sailing vessel to cross the Atlantic. The father had taken three of the children, John, David, and Sarah, to help him make a home in the wilderness for the rest of the family. The spot selected was near Kingston, Wisconsin, then settled only by a few scattered, hardy pioneers. Here, with the help of their nearest neighbors, they built in a day a cabin of rough bur-oak logs.

This hut was in the midst of woods which fringed a flowery meadow and a lake where pond lilies grew. The boys had not been at home an hour before they discovered a bluejay's nest with three green eggs, and a woodpecker's hole, and began to make acquaintance with the darting, gliding creatures of springs and lake.

"Here," said John Muir, "without knowing it, we were still at school; every wild lesson a love lesson, not whipped but charmed into us."

Soon farm life began in earnest. Fields were cleared and plowed; a frame house was built on the hill; and the mother, with the younger children, came to join these pioneers. In spite of the long days of unceasing toil John managed to learn the story of woods and fields and streams, until the ways of birds, insects, fishes, and wild-plant neighbors were as an open book to him.

It was not long before his alert mind began to hunger for a real knowledge of the books which in his childish days he had studied without understanding. He read not only the small collection of religious books that his father had brought with him from Scotland, but also every volume that he could borrow from a neighbor.

When John was fifteen he discovered that the poetry in the Bible, in Shakespeare, and in Milton could give something of the same keen joy that a Sunday evening on a hilltop made him feel, when sunset and rising moon and the hushed voices of twilight were all mingled in one thrilling delight. All beauty was one, he found.

The noble lines echoed in his memory as he cut the wheat and raked the hay. The precious opportunities for reading were taken five minutes at a time, when he lingered in the kitchen with book and candle after the others had gone to bed. Night after night his father would call in an exasperated voice, "John, do you expect me to call you every night? You *must* go to bed when the rest do."

One night as he descended on the boy with more than usual sternness, his anger was somewhat softened when he noticed that the book in question was a church history. "If you *will* read," he added, "get up in the morning. You may get up as early as you like."

That night John went to bed wondering how he was going to wake himself in order to profit by his precious permission. Though his was the sound sleep of a healthy boy who had been splitting rails in the snowy woods, he sprang out of bed as if roused by a mysterious reveille long before daylight. Holding his candle to the kitchen clock, he saw that it was only one o'clock.

"Five hours to myself!" he cried joyfully. "It is like finding a day — a day for my very own!"

Realizing that his enthusiasm would not suffice to keep him warm in the zero weather, and that his father would certainly object to his making a fire, he went down cellar and, by the light of a tallow dip, began work on the model of a self-setting sawmill that he had invented.

"I don't think that I was any the worse for my short amount of sleep and the extra work in the cold and the uncertain light," he said. "I was far more than happy. Like Tam o' Shanter I was 'glorious — O'er all the ills of life victorious!'"

When his sawmill had been tested in a stream that he had dammed up in the meadow, he set himself to construct a clock that might have an attachment connected with his bed to get him up at a certain hour in the morning. He knew nothing of the mechanism of timepieces, beyond the laws of the pendulum, but he succeeded in making a clock out of wood, whittling the small pieces in the moments of rest from farm work. At length the "early-rising machine" was complete and put in operation to his satisfaction. There was now no chance that the weary flesh would betray him into passing a precious half hour of his time of freedom in sleep.

"John," said his father, who had but two absorbing interests, his stern religion and his thriving acres, "John, what time is it when you get up in the morning?"

"About one o'clock," replied the boy, tremblingly.

"What time is that to be stirring about and disturbing the whole family?"

"You told me, father—" began John.

"I know I gave you that miserable permission," said the man, with a groan, "but I never dreamed that you would get up in the middle of the night."

The boy wisely said nothing, and the blessed time for study and experimentation was not taken away.

Even his father seemed to take pride in the hickory clock that he next constructed.

One day a friendly neighbor, who recognized that the boy was a mechanical genius, advised him to take his whittled inventions to the state fair at Madison. There two of his wooden clocks and a thermometer were given a place of honor in the Fine Arts Hall, where they attracted much attention. It was generally agreed that

this farm boy from the backwoods had a bright future.

A student from the university persuaded the young inventor that he might be able to work his way through college. Presenting himself to the dean, in accordance with this friendly advice, young Muir told his story, explaining that except for a two-month term in this country he had not been to school since he had left Scotland in his twelfth year. He was received kindly, given a trial in the preparatory department, and after a few weeks entered the freshman class.

During the four years of his college life John Muir made his way by teaching school a part of each winter and doing farm work summers. He sometimes cut down the expense of board to fifty cents a week by living on potatoes and mush, which he cooked for himself at the dormitory furnace. Pat, the janitor, would do anything for this young man who could make such wonderful things. Years afterwards he pointed out Muir's room to visitors and tried to describe the wonders it had contained.

Although he spent four years at the state university, John Muir did not take the regular

course, but devoted himself chiefly to chemistry, physics, botany, and geology, which he thought would be more useful to him. Then, without graduating, he started out "on a glorious botanical and geological excursion which has lasted," he said, in concluding the story of his early life, "for fifty years, and is not yet completed."

He journeyed afoot to Florida, sleeping on the ground wherever night found him. "I wish I knew where I was going," he wrote to a friend who asked him about his plans. "I only know that I seem doomed to be 'carried of the spirit into the wilderness.'"

Because he loved the whole fair earth and longed to know something of the story that its rocks and trees might tell, he wandered on and on. After he reached Cuba an attack of tropical fever, contracted by sleeping on swampy ground, caused him to give up for a time a cherished plan to make the acquaintance of the vegetation along the Amazon.

"Fate and flowers took me to California," he said. He found there his true Florida (Land of Flowers), and he found also what became the passion of his life and his life work — the noble

mountains, the great trees, and the marvelous Yosemite. Here he lived year after year, climbing the mountains, descending into the cañons, lovingly, patiently working to learn the story of the rocks and to make the wonder and beauty which thrilled his soul a heritage for mankind forever.

He lived for months at a time in the Yosemite valley, whose marvels he knew in every mood of sunshine, moonlight, dawn, sunset, storm, and winter whiteness of frost and snow. He would wander for days on the heights without a gun and with no provisions except bread and tea, his only equipment a tin cup, a pocketknife, and a short-handled ax.

Once, on reading a magazine article by an enthusiastic young mountain climber who told his thrilling adventures in scaling Mount Tyndall, Mr. Muir commented dryly, "He must have given himself a lot of trouble. When I climbed Tyndall, I ran up and back before breakfast."

At a time when trails were few and hard to find, he explored the Sierra, which, he said, should be called not the Nevada, or Snowy,

Range, but the Range of Light. When night came he selected the lee side of a log, made a fire, and went to sleep on a bed of pine needles. If it were snowing he made a bigger fire and lay closer to his log shelter.

"Outdoors is the natural place for man," he said. "I begin to cough and wheeze the minute I get within walls."

Never at a loss to make his way in the wilderness, he was completely bewildered in the midst of city streets.

"What is the nearest way out of town?" he asked of a man in the business section of San Francisco soon after landing at the Golden Gate in 1868.

"But I don't know where you want to go!" protested the surprised pedestrian.

"To any place that is wild," Muir replied.

So began the days of his wandering in pathless places among higher rocks "than the world and his wife could reach." "Climb the mountains, climb, if you would reach beauty," said John Muir, the wild, eager spirit of the lad who had braved scoldings and "skelpings" to climb the craggy peaks of Dunbar shining in his eyes.

Because he believed that nature reveals many of her innermost secrets in times of storm, he often braved the wildest tempests on the heights. He spoke with keen delight of the times when he had been "magnificently snowbound in the Lord's Mountain House." He even dared to climb into the very heart of a snow cloud as it rested on Pilot Peak, and it seemed that the experience touched the springs of poetry in the soul of this nature lover. He found that he had won in a moment "a harvest of crystal flowers, and wind songs gathered from spiry firs and long, fringy arms of pines."

Once in a terrible gale he climbed to the top of a swaying pine in order to feel the power of the wind as a tree feels it. His love for the trees was second only to his love for the mountains. His indignation at the heedless destruction of the majestic sequoias knew no bounds. "Through thousands and thousands of years God has cared for these trees," he said. "He has saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining and leveling tempests and floods, but He cannot save them from foolish men."

It was due mainly to his untiring efforts that the "big trees" of California, as well as the wonderful Yosemite valley, were taken under the protection of the nation to be preserved for all the people for all time.

He discovered the petrified forests of Arizona, and went to Chile to see trees of the same species, which are no longer to be found anywhere in North America. He traveled to Australia to see the eucalyptus groves, to Siberia for its pines, and to India to see the banyan trees. When asked why he had not stopped at Hongkong when almost next door to that interesting city, he replied, "There are no trees in Hongkong."

In order to make a livelihood that would permit him to continue his studies of nature in the mountains, Mr. Muir built a sawmill, where he prepared for the use of man those trees "that the Lord had felled." Here during the week he jotted down his observations or sketched, while he watched out of the tail of his eye to see when the great logs were nearing the end of their course. Then he would pause in his writing or sketching just long enough to start a new log on its way.

Sometimes he undertook the work of a shepherd, and while his "mutton family of eighteen hundred ranged over ten square miles" he found time for reading and botanizing.

A very little money sufficed for his simple needs; indeed, Mr. Muir once declared that he could live on fifty dollars a year.

"Eat bread in the mountains," he said, "with love and adoration in your soul, and you can get a nourishment that food experts have no conception of."

He spoke with pitying scorn of the money-clinking crowds who were too "time-poor" to enjoy the keenest delights that earth can offer.

"You millionaires carry too heavy blankets to get any comfort out of the march through life," he said. "You don't know what it is you are losing by the way."

When there was a home and "bairnies" to provide for, he managed a fruit ranch; but he was often absent in his beloved mountains for weeks at a time, living on bread, tea, and the huckleberries of cool, glacial bogs, which were more to his taste than the cherries or grapes that he had to return in time to harvest.

In all his mountain-climbing in the Sierras, the Andes, and the high Himalayas, he never knew what it was to be dizzy, even when standing on the sheerest precipice or crossing a crevasse on a sliver of ice above an abyss of four thousand feet. He said that his simple laws of health gave him his endurance and his steady nerves; but when we think of the wee laddie in Scotland hanging from the roof by one finger, or balancing himself on a particularly sharp crag of the black headland at Dunbar, we believe that he was born to climb.

"I love the heights," he said, "where the air is sweet enough for the breath of angels and where I can feel miles of beauty flowing into me."

He never ceased to marvel at the people who remained untouched in the presence of nature's rarest loveliness. "They have eyes and see not," he mourned, as he saw some sleek, comfortable tourists pausing a moment in their concern about baggage to point casually with their canes to the Upper Yosemite Falls, coming with its glorious company of shimmering comets out of a rainbow cloud along the top of the cliff and passing into another cloud of glory below.

All Mr. Muir's books — "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," "My First Summer in the Sierra," and "The Yosemite" — are splendid invitations to "climb the mountains and get their good tidings." "Climb, if you would see beauty!" every page cries out. "If I can give you a longing that will take you out of your rocking-chairs and make you willing to forego a few of your so-called comforts for something infinitely more worth while, I shall have fulfilled my mission."

Read his story of his ride on the avalanche from a ridge three thousand feet high, where he had climbed to see the valley in its garment of newly fallen snow. The ascent took him nearly all day, the descent about a minute. When he felt himself going, he instinctively threw himself on his back, spread out his arms to keep from sinking, and found his "flight in the milky way of snow stars the most spiritual and exhilarating of all modes of motion."

In "The Yosemite," also, we learn how a true nature lover can meet the terrors of an earthquake. He was awakened about two o'clock one moonlit morning by a "strange,

thrilling motion," and, exalted by the certainty that he was going to find the old planet off guard and learn something of her true nature, he rushed out while the ground was rocking so that he had to balance himself as one does on shipboard during a heavy sea. He saw Eagle Rock fall in a thousand bowlder fragments, while all the thunder he had ever heard was condensed in the roar of that moment when it seemed that "the whole earth was, like a living creature, calling to its sister planets."

"Come, cheer up!" he cried to a panic-stricken man who felt that the ground was about to swallow him up; "smile and clap your hands now that kind Mother Earth is trotting us on her knee to amuse us and make us good."

He studied the earthquake as he studied the glaciers, the scarred cliffs, and the flowers, and this is the lesson that it taught him:

All nature's wildness tells the same story: the shocks and outbursts of earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, roaring waves, and floods; the silent uprush of sap in plants; storms of every sort,—each and all are the orderly, beauty-making love beats of nature's heart.

Read about his adventure in a storm on the Alaskan glacier with the little dog Stickeen. You will note that he had eyes not only for the ice cliffs towering above the dark forest and for the mighty glacier with its rushing white fountains, but also for the poor "beastie" who was leaving blood prints on the ice until the man stopped to make him moccasins out of his handkerchief. As you read you will not wonder that this man who could write about nature's loftiest moods could also write that most beautiful and truly sympathetic of all stories of dog life.

The last years of John Muir's long career were, like the rest, part of "the glorious botanical and geological excursion" on which he set out when he left college. The names that he won — "John o' Mountains," "The Psalmist of the Sierra," "The Father of the Yosemite" — all speak of his work. Remembering that he found his fullest joy in climbing to the topmost peaks, we have called him "The Laird of Skyland."

The Muir Woods of "big trees" near San Francisco, and Muir Glacier in Alaska, are

Muir Woods

fitting monuments to his name and fame. But the real man needs no memorial; for when we visit the glorious Yosemite, which his untiring efforts won for us and which his boundless enthusiasm taught us rightly to appreciate, we somehow feel that the spirit of John Muir is still there in the beauty that he loved, bidding us welcome and giving us joy in the freedom of the heights.

MARY R. PARKMAN (*Abridged*)

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

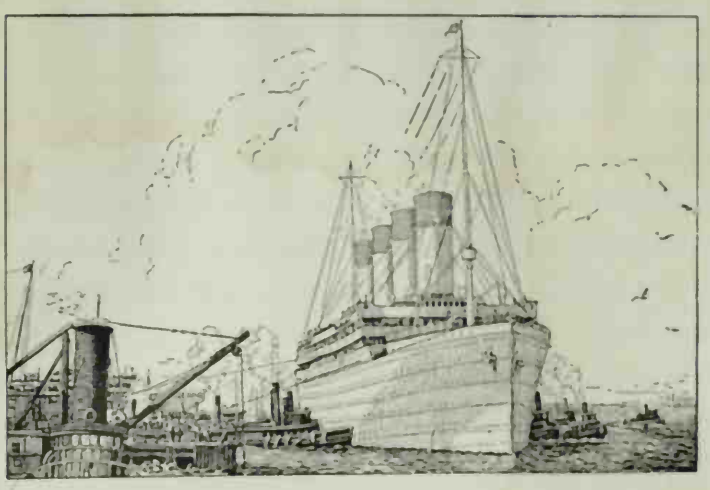
Can John Muir rightly be called a hero? Why?

In what ways has he been honored?

Take a sheet of paper and write the name of John Muir in the center at the top of the paper.

On the next line below write the following headings, leaving spaces between them: The Boy; The Author; The Traveler; The Naturalist.

Under each heading make a list of appropriate things which you want to remember about John Muir.



BARBARA'S BASKET OF FRUIT

What kinds of fruit do you like best? Have you ever stopped to think where the fruit you eat comes from and how it is grown? This story will tell you some interesting things about five different kinds of fruit.

The big white ship was almost ready to leave the harbor. The little tugs were snorting and puffing by her side, ready to guide her safely to the deep ocean. Barbara was going with her mother to England to meet her father, who had been there on business for several months. It was the first time that the ten-year-old girl had ever been on a big boat, and all her school friends

had been almost as excited as she was when she told them about the trip. School was not quite over; but as it was only three more days until vacation, Barbara was not missing many lessons.

The last visitor left the boat, the gangplank was drawn up, and the deep-toned whistle sounded its warning. The ship moved slowly away from the dock; the people on the wharf grew smaller. The sunlight sparkled on the white foam and the fluttering handkerchiefs, and they were started at last.

"Let us go to our room now," suggested Mrs. Dean. "We must look at our new books and magazines and arrange the flowers Aunt May sent us."

Barbara walked into the pleasant little white room, with its twin beds, soft rug, and comfortable chairs, and then she stopped in surprise.

"What a lovely basket!" she exclaimed. "Mother, there's a card here with my name on it. Is it all for me? Who sent it? Oh, here's a letter!"

On the small table at one side of the room stood a basket woven of brown and blue straw. On its tall, curving handle was a big, blue, ribbon

bow. The basket was heaped with fruit, and the smooth yellow bananas, red apples, rich, brown raisins, and glowing oranges made a handsome picture.

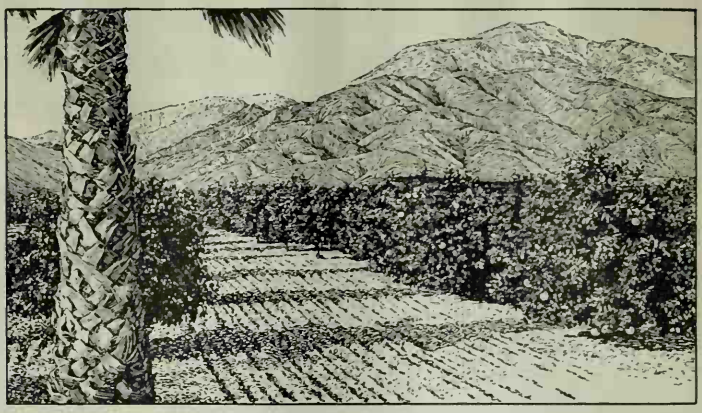
"Listen, mother," said Barbara, "I want to read you the note. It is from Miss Allen, my teacher. She says:

Dear Barbara,

We are so glad that you can have this trip across the ocean! The children and I wanted to send you a little remembrance, so we planned this basket for you. We are going to have it sent to the boat so as to surprise you. You will find notes tied on some of the fruit. The children had a geography lesson about your basket, and they wanted me to write you what we learned, so that you could pretend you were having the lesson with us. We all hope you will have a wonderful voyage.

"Well, I think that is a lovely surprise," said Barbara, with a long sigh of satisfaction. "I never supposed I was big enough to get a whole basket of fruit. I guess I am growing up."

As it was time now to get ready for dinner Barbara had to leave the basket, but she did not



An orange grove

forget it. About the middle of the afternoon she began to feel hungry again, and decided that she wanted an orange. She found a tiny note slipped under a narrow blue ribbon which was tied around the biggest orange in the basket. While she was enjoying the juicy fruit she read the note. It said:

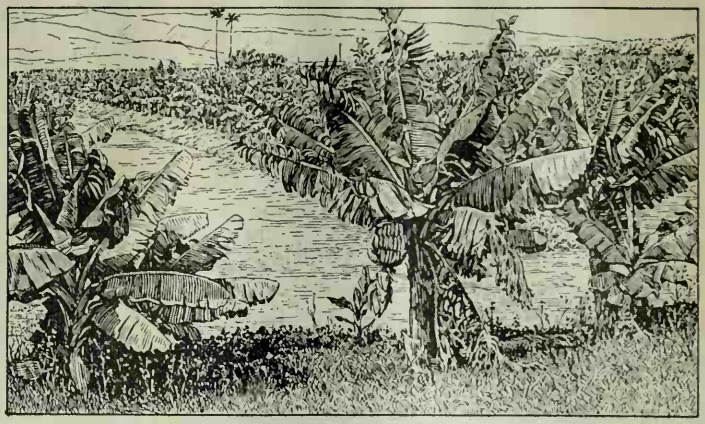
Dear Barbara,

We had David and Dan hunt for the facts about the oranges. They found that most of our oranges are raised in California or in Florida, although Spain, Italy, and other countries also grow quantities of them. David found that many, many years ago the sweet orange grew in China,

and as people began to travel they introduced the fruit into other countries. Orange trees grow only where it is warm, for severe frosts will kill them. They grow well on all kinds of fertile soil and are found in high, dry lands as well as in lower places. The trees are set in the orchards from ten to thirty feet apart, according to the variety or the size of the orange needed. The little trees need great care while they are growing.

Dan has an uncle who raises oranges in Florida, and he says that sometimes blossoms and green and ripe fruit can be seen at the same time on a single tree, but usually all the crop ripens at about the same time. The oranges are gathered by hand, being cut off carefully, and placed in sacks or cloth-lined baskets. They are kept this way for a few days to allow the skins to dry and soften a little. Then the fruit is graded according to size and quality, wrapped in tissue paper, and packed in boxes for market.

We all hope that your oranges are the finest grade, and that you can imagine them as first a tiny tree, then beautiful, fragrant white blossoms, then green fruit which the sun coaxed and smiled upon until it changed into big golden balls of sweetness just for you.



Banana trees

The next time Barbara was hungry she chose a banana. This was the note she found dangling from the tip of it:

Dear Barbara,

Betty told us what she found out about bananas. She was quite surprised to find that they grow at the top of tall trees. Some of these trees are forty feet high. They have broad drooping leaves at the top. The tree begins to bloom about two years after the young plants have been started. The bud is an odd large heart-shaped one, which grows until it has a real flower under each of its scales. The trees have from five to one hundred of these flowers from

each of the queer buds. There will be as many bananas in one heavy bunch as there are flowers. The natives climb 'way up the tree and cut off the bunches of fruit. When the bananas are to be shipped away, the bunches are picked while they are green, and they are ripened after they reach the place where they are sent.

I wonder if your bananas came from Hawaii, the West Indies, Central America, or northern South America. Wouldn't it be fun to know!

"Oh, here's a little box!" Barbara had been on the ocean for three days and had made friends with some other girls. They had played with games and dolls and explored different parts of the big ship with some older person. To-day Barbara had asked one of the girls to go with her while she took out some fruit from her big basket. Under some of the fruit she found a small box.

"They look like prunes," said Barbara. She offered one to her new friend and then bit one carefully herself. "Um, it's good! Big, soft prunes stuffed with nuts," she said with a pleased smile. "They taste like candy." She read aloud the note which she found in the box.

Drying prunes

Dear Little Voyager,

We thought perhaps you would like these stuffed prunes for a change. Mary told us that she has been to the fruit valleys in the state of California when the prune trees were blossoming, and that the orchard seemed like fairyland. The prunes are gathered when they are ready to fall. Then they are dipped in hot lye or run through a pricking machine, and spread on trays or wire-bottomed frames, and put out to dry. This takes from eight to twelve days. It is called the sun-drying process.

There are two other ways of curing the prunes, as these processes are called. Sometimes they

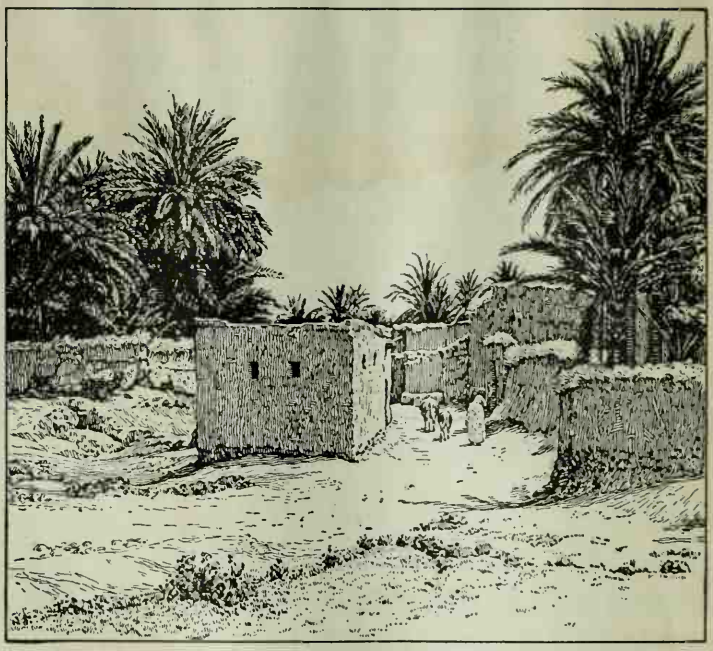
are dried by heat from a fire. This is a difficult process, as too hot a fire will cause the fruit to burst. In some European countries they are partly cooked before being dried. Then they are put through a curing process for three weeks. After this they are dipped in boiling water and glycerin, or steamed. This improves their appearance and protects them against insects. France used to produce the most prunes, but now the states of California, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho produce such good prunes that the United States is ahead in this industry.

Barbara was very fond of dates, so she was quite delighted when she found that one paper-covered package was full of them. She invited the other girls to her room, and they had a little party with the dates and some crackers.

"Now listen to my letter," began Barbara when the party was almost over; the girls had been too busy eating to stop before.

Dear Sea Traveler,

Just imagine that you are resting beneath the palm trees in Persia. The hot sun beats down on the sand, but here in this oasis there is a breeze and cool rippling water. We will



An oasis with date palms

sit here for a minute, drowsily watching the sturdy dark men and graceful women who pass by, or who go into the low white houses that are huddled close together.

The date palm needs the hot sun on its head, but it must have water for its roots. This tree grows very high and begins to bear fruit in about eight years. The trees are long-lived, and bear about five hundred pounds of fruit in a season.

Arabia considers its date palms its chief source of wealth. The dates are always packed for food when caravans cross the great desert. Date palms are cultivated in Africa, China, France, and in Arizona and California in the United States, as well as in Persia and Arabia.

"What else is there in your basket?" asked one of the girls. "Are there any more notes?"

"There is one more note, tied to this big bunch of raisins," answered Barbara. "They are the big fancy raisins we get at Christmas. Let's come in tomorrow afternoon and have a raisin party."

"Oh, that will be nice," cried the other girls.

The next afternoon four little girls met in Barbara's room. Mrs. Dean had told the captain about the surprise basket, and just as the party was beginning, there was a knock on the door.

"The captain sent some grape juice, and the cook made you these tiny sponge cakes," said the stewardess.

"Oh, what a nice ship this is!" cried Barbara.

The girls chattered happily while they arranged the table for the party, and then they listened while Barbara read the note which was with the raisins.

Curing grapes

Dear Barbara,

Margaret wanted you to take a trip to South Africa to see the grapes growing on the vines, but I told her the captain probably would not stop the ship, so you would have to go to England. Margaret found that the grapes were dried in the sun on trays for a week or more, and then turned on to other trays, so as to dry the other side, for another week. Some of the children did not know that raisins were dried grapes. I wonder if you did. The raisin grapes need a warm climate with no rain, so they grow best in Spain, Greece, and Turkey. California, in our own country, leads the world in the production of raisins.

Raisin grapes are a fourth part sugar, so it is no wonder that children tease for them when mother is cooking.

"Isn't that a jolly letter?" said one of the little girls. "You must have a nice teacher."

"Yes; we all love Miss Allen," agreed Barbara.

Barbara ate the last piece of fruit on the day that the ship arrived in England.

"The basket of fruit and I crossed the ocean together," said Barbara, as she helped her mother to pack. "I am always going to keep the basket, because it is one of the nicest surprises I ever had, and I am going to keep all my notes to remind me of my teacher and the children and the nicest kind of geography lesson."

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

Make a list of the different kinds of fruit in Barbara's basket.

Find the paragraph that tells where oranges are grown. Locate these places on the map. Find the paragraph that tells how oranges are grown. Find the sentences that tell what one sometimes finds on an orange tree. Find the sentences that tell how the oranges are prepared for market.

Find the sentence that tells where bananas are grown. Locate these places on the map. Find the sentences that describe the banana tree. Find the sentences that tell about the buds. Find the sentences that tell about the gathering of the fruit.

What are prunes? Find the sentence that tells where prunes are produced. Locate these places on the map. In what three ways are prunes cured?

In what countries is the date palm grown? Locate these on the map. Where in the United States are date palms grown? Locate these states on the map. What kind of climate does the date palm require? What else is necessary? Why does Arabia grow so many date palms?

What are raisins? Where are they grown? Why? Locate on the map the places where raisins are grown. How are raisins prepared?

SEA SHELL

Have you ever held a sea shell up to your ear? What did it seem to do? Find out what the poem asks the sea shell to do.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships and sailor men,
And parrots, and tropical trees.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

AMY LOWELL

Helps for Study and Enjoyment

What did the poem ask the sea shell to do? Could it do this? Why?

LITTLE DICTIONARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in *ate*
ă as in *cat*
ē as in *be*
ĕ as in *get*
ī as in *ice*
ĭ as in *pin*
ō as in *go*
ŏ as in *got*
ū as in *use*
ŭ as in *cut*
o͞o as in *food*
o͝o as in *foot*
ou as in *out*

abate (a bāt′, *a* as in *ask*): to grow less.

abundance (a bŭn′dăns, *a* as in *ask*): plenty.

abyss (a bĭs′, *a* as in *ask*): a deep hollow.

accordance (ă kor′dăns, *o* as in *or*): agreement.

admiral (ăd′mĭ răl): a naval officer of the highest rank.

Ææan (ē ē′ăn): belonging to an island lying between Italy and Sicily, supposed to be the home of Circe.

Æolus (ē′o lŭs, *o* as in *obey*): the god of the winds.

Alcinous (ăl sĭn′o ŭs, *o* as in *obey*).

almanac (ol′ma năk, *o* as in *or*, *a* as in *ask*): a yearbook containing a calendar of days, weeks, and months.

Altorf (al′torf, *a* as in *arm*, *o* as in *or*): the name of a city in Switzerland.

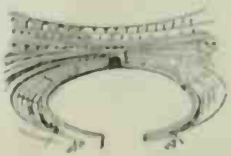
Amazon (ăm′a zŏn, *a* as in *ask*): a river in South America. It is the largest river in the world.

ambassador (ăm băs′a der, *a* as in *ask*, *e* as in *her*): a government agent of highest rank representing his country's interests at a foreign capital.

amber (ăm′ber, *e* as in *her*): a clear, light yellow.

ammunition (ăm ū nĭsh′un): the material used in the discharge of cannon or firearms.

amphitheater (ăm fĭ thē′a ter, *a* as in *ask*, *e* as in *her*): an oval or circular building with rising tiers of seats about an open space.



amphitheater

anatomy (a năt′o mĭ, *a* as in *ask*, *o* as in *obey*): the structure of an animal, plant, or human being.

Antinous (ăn tĭn'o ŭs, *o* as in *obey*).

anxiously (ănk'shŭs lĭ, *n* as in *ink*): uneasily, in a troubled manner.

Apollo (a pŏl'ō, *a* as in *ask*): one of the most important of the Olympian gods.

apprenticeship (ă prĕn'tĭs shĭp): the time served while learning a trade.

appropriate (ă prō'prĭ āt): suitable, fit, proper.

approval (ă prōōv'ăl): consent.

Arc de Triomphe (ark de trē onf', *a* as in *arm*, first *e* as in *her*, *o* as in *or*): a large arch in Paris.

archbishop (arch'bĭsh'ŭp, *a* as in *arm*): the chief bishop of a church district.

arched (archt, *a* as in *arm*): curved.

Argonaut (ar'go not, *a* as in *arm*, first *o* as in *obey*, second *o* as in *or*).

Arlington (ar'lĭng tun, *a* as in *arm*): the national cemetery in Arlington County, Virginia, across the river from Washington, D.C.

armistice (ar'mĭ stĭs, *a* as in *arm*): a brief pause in war by agreement of the opposing forces.

Arra (ăr'ră): a Japanese exclamation.

ascent (ă sĕnt'): a climb.

astray (a strā', *a* as in *ask*): wandering.

athletics (ăth lĕt'ĭks): indoor or outdoor sports.

atmosphere (ăt'mŏs fēr): the whole mass of air surrounding the earth.

atonement (a tōn'mĕnt, *a* as in *ask*): a satisfaction given for a wrong or injury done.

Atsumare (ăt sōō ma'rĭ, *a* as in *arm*).

automatically (o tō măt'ĭ kăl ĭ, first *o* as in *or*): mechanically, without help.

avalanche (ăv'a lanch, *a* as in *ask*): a large mass of snow or earth sliding swiftly down a mountain side.

averted (a vurt'ed, *a* as in *ask*, *u* as in *urn*): prevented.

bairn (bārn): child.

bandit (băn'dĭt): an outlaw, usually belonging to one of the bands infesting the mountainous districts of certain countries.

banns (bănz): a notice of the intended marriage of two persons, given in a church service.

banyan (băn'yăn): an East Indian tree.

banyan

Baudricourt (bō drĭ kōōr'), **Robert de.**

besiege (be sēj', *e* as in *event*): to surround with armed forces in order to compel to surrender.

bewilder (be wĭl'der, first *e* as in *event*, second *e* as in *her*): to puzzle.

Bilma (bel'ma, *e* as in *event*): an oasis in the desert of Sahara.

bleat (blēt): the cry of a sheep or goat.

bobbin (bŏb'ĭn): a spool with a hole bored through its length by which it may be placed on a spindle. It is used to hold yarn or thread as in spinning or sewing machines.

bobbin

bog (bŏg): wet, spongy ground.

boll weevil (bōl' wē'v'l): a small beetle which infests the cotton plant.

bonzai (bŏn za'ē, *a* as in *arm*): a Japanese word. It means, "May you live ten thousand years." It is used in salutation of the Emperor, and also as a battle cry.

botanizing (bŏt'a nīz ĭng, *a* as in *ask*): seeking after plants for the purpose of studying them.

botany (bŏt'a nĭ, *a* as in *ask*): the study of plant life.

bowsprit (bō'sprĭt): a large spar running out from the forward end of a ship to carry sail forward and to support the masts.

braced (brāst): held firmly.

brandishing (brăn'dĭsh ĭng): waving or shaking.

brink (brĭnk): an edge or border.

bulk (bŭlk): mass, bigness.

cañon (kăn'yŭn): a deep valley with high, steep slopes.

caravan (kăr'a văn, *a* as in *ask*): a company of travelers or merchants traveling together for safety, especially when passing through deserts or places infested with robbers.

cavern (kăv'ern, *e* as in *her*): a cave or hollow.

ceaseless (sēs'lĕs): without end, without stop.

celestial (sē lĕs'chăl): heavenly.

ceremonies (sĕr'e mo nĭz, *e* as in *event*, *o* as in *obey*): solemn religious services.

Ceres (sē'rēz): in the Roman religion, the goddess of corn, grain, and growing plants.

Chad (chad, *a* as in *arm*): a lake in Africa.

chandler (chan'dler, *a* as in *ask*, *e* as in *her*): a dealer in groceries or provisions of any kind.

chaplain (chăp'lĭn): a minister belonging to the army or navy.

Charybdis (ka rĭb'dĭs, *a* as in *ask*): a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily.

chemical (kĕm'ĭ kăl) **wagon**: a fire engine equipped with a liquid used in putting out a fire.

cherished (chĕr'ĭsht): kept affectionately in mind.

Chesterton (chĕs'ter tŭn, *e* as in *her*).

chilblains (chĭl'blānz): sores or swelling of the feet caused by cold.

Chile (chē'lā): a country in southwestern South America.

chinning (chĭn'ĭng): act of raising one's self by the arms on a bar, until the chin is level with the bar.

Chinon (shē non', *o* as in *or*).

chopsticks (chŏp'stĭks): small sticks or slips of wood or ivory used by the Chinese to bring food up to the mouth.

chorus (kō'rŭs): part of a song repeated at the end of each stanza.

christened (krĭs'nd): baptized, named.

Circe (sur'sē, *u* as in *urn*).

circulating (sur'kū lāt ĭng, first *u* as in *urn*): passing from hand to hand.

civil (sĭv'ĭl) **service**: an examination made out by the government.

clanged (klăngd): made a loud ringing sound.

clasped (klaspt, *a* as in *ask*): held closely.

clergyman (klur'jĭ măn, *u* as in *urn*): a minister or preacher.

clogs (klŏgz): a kind of stout, clumsy shoe or sandal having very thick soles, usually wooden.

clumped (klŭmpt): walked heavily.

coax (kōks): flatter, persuade.

comet (kŏm′ĕt): a heavenly body, often with a long tail.

commit (kŏ mĭt′): to learn by heart.

congenial (kŏn jēn′yăl): pleasant.

consecration (kŏn sē krā′shŭn): act of setting apart to an office by sacred rites.

considering (kŏn sĭd′er ĭng, *e* as in *her*): taking into account.

Constitution (kŏn stĭ tū′shŭn): the chief laws of the United States.

contend (kŏn tĕnd′): to struggle.

contracted (kŏn trăk′tĕd): acquired.

convict (kŏn′vĭkt): a criminal.

coronation (kŏr ō nā′shŭn): the act of crowning a king.

countenance (koun′te năns, *e* as in *event*): the face.

coup stick (kōō′stĭk): a short stick used in warfare by certain tribes of North American Indians.

crevasse (krĕ vas′, *a* as in *ask*): a deep crack in the mass of a glacier.

Crimea (krĭ mē′ă, *a* as in *ask*): a part of Russia.

crisis (krī′sĭs): a time of danger or difficulty.

crouched (kroucht): bent down, stooped low.

crystal (krĭs′tăl): a mineral which looks like glass.

curing (kūr′ĭng): to prepare for keeping a long time, as by drying or salting.

curiosity (kū rĭ ŏs′ĭ tĭ): something new or strange.

curiouser (kū′rĭ ŭs er, *e* as in *her*): stranger.

Cyclops (sī′klŏps), **Cyclopes** (sī klō′pēz): a race of giants having but one eye in the middle of the forehead.

Dauphin (do′fĭn, *o* as in *or*): the title of the eldest son of the king of France.

dazzling (dăz′lĭng): shining.

declaration (dĕk la rā′shŭn, first *a* as in *ask*): a public announcement.

deign (dān): to think fitting.

deliverance (de lĭv′er ăns, *e* as in *event*, *e* as in *her*): rescue.

department (de part′mĕnt, *e* as in *event*, *a* as in *arm*): a distinct division, a branch.

deprive (de prīv′, *e* as in *event*): to take away.

determined (de tur′mĭnd, *e* as in *event*, *u* as in *urn*): decided.

devoured (de vourd′, *e* as in *event*): feasted upon.

dirigible (dĭr′ĭ jĭ b'l): a cigar-shaped balloon driven by motors and provided with a car for passengers.

disposed (dĭs pōzd′): given.

distress (dĭs trĕs′): danger.

dochira (dō tchĭr′ă).

domesticated (do mĕs′tĭ kāt ĕd, *o* as in *obey*): tamed.

Domremy (don re mē′, *o* as in *or*, first *e* as in *her*): a small village in France.

doughty (dou′tĭ): strong.

draft (draft, *a* as in *ask*): a drink.

dunes (dūnz): hills or ridges of sand piled up by the wind.

dwarfs (dworfs, *o* as in *or*): imaginary, manlike beings, very small in size.

economy (ekŏn′o mĭ, *e* as in *event*, second *o* as in *obey*): thrift.

elated (e lāt′ĕd, first *e* as in *event*): joyful.

electricity (ē lĕk trĭs′ĭ tĭ): an invisible force, producing light, heat, and other physical effects.

enchantress (ĕn chan′trĕs, *a* as in *ask*): a woman who practices magic.

Endurance (ĕn dūr′ăns).

enormous (e nor′mŭs, *e* as in *event*, *o* as in *or*): very large.

enthusiastic (ĕn thū zĭ ăs′tĭk): joyous.

equipped (ē kwĭpt′): supplied.

eucalyptus (ū ka lĭp′tŭs, *a* as in *ask*): a kind of tree.

eucalyptus

Eumæus (u mē′ŭs, *u* as in *unite*): the faithful swineherd of Ulysses.

Eurylochus (ū rĭl′ō kŭs).

exasperated (ĕg zăs′per āt ĕd, second *e* as in *her*): irritated, provoked.

exhilarating (ĕg zĭl′a rāt ĭng, *a* as in *ask*): cheering.

expand (ĕks pănd′): to open wide.

experimentation (ĕks pĕr ĭ mĕn tā′shŭn): act of trying out.

explanation (ĕks pla nā′shŭn, *a* as in *ask*): the act of making plain or clear.

explored (ĕks plōrd′): examined thoroughly.

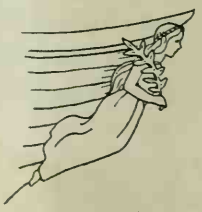
explosion (ĕks plō′zhŭn): a sudden bursting with a loud report.

faltered (fol′terd, *o* as in *or*, *e* as in *her*): wavered.

fascinating (făs′ĭ nāt ĭng): charming.

fertile (fur′tĭl, *u* as in *urn*): fruitful.

fiery (fī′er ĭ, *e* as in *her*): acting like fire.



figurehead

figurehead (fĭg′ur hĕd, *u* as in *unite*): the figure or statue on the prow of a ship.

flagon (flăg′ŭn): a large bulging bottle.

flagon

floral (flō′răl): made of flowers.

flourish (flŭr′ĭsh): to blossom; to bear flowers.

Foch (fŏsh): the French marshal who was the Commander in chief of the Allied Armies in the World War.

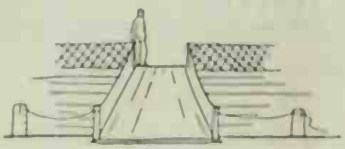
fowling (foul′ĭng) **piece**: a light gun for shooting birds or small animals.

furlong (fur′long, *u* as in *urn*, *o* as in *soft*): one eighth of a mile.

gaen (gān): a Scotch word for *going*.

gallon (găl′ŭn): four quarts (in liquid measure).

gangplank (găng′plănk): a long, narrow, movable bridge or platform used in entering or leaving a ship.


gangplank

gara-gara (gă′ră-gă′ră): the sound wooden panels make.

garland (gar′lănd, *a* as in *arm*): a wreath made of flowers.

gasps (gasps, *a* as in *ask*): a catching of the breath.

gauge (gāj): an instrument for measuring gaseous pressure.

genie (jē′nĭ): an imaginary spirit of great power.

genius (jēn′yŭs): a person having remarkable ability.

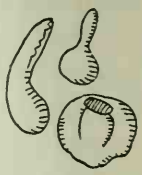
geology (jē ŏl′o jĭ, second *o* as in *obey*): the science dealing with rocks.

Gessler (gĕs′ler, *e* as in *her*): an Austrian governor.

geysers (gī′serz, *e* as in *her*): boiling springs which frequently throw forth jets of water.

glacial (glā′shăl): frozen.

glycerin (glĭ′ser ĭn, *e* as in *her*): a thick, colorless fluid used for preserving food products and used in many other ways.



gourd-shaped (gōrd′shāpt): in the form of a gourd.

gravitation (grăv ĭ tā′shŭn): the force which draws all bodies in the universe toward each other.

Grecian (grē′shăn): a native of Greece.

gourd-shaped

grimaces (grĭ mās′ĕs): makes ugly faces showing contempt.

groat (grōt): an old coin of several countries in Europe.

groped (grōpt): searched out by feeling with the hands.

grudge (grŭj): dislike.

gruel (grōō′ĕl): a liquid food like porridge.

grumbling (grŭm′blĭng): complaining.

guaranteed (găr ăn tēd′): assured. (The shoes were *guaranteed* to wear well.)

gymnasium (jĭm nā′zĭ ŭm): a place where athletic exercises are performed.

habitation (hăb ĭ tā′shŭn): a house or dwelling.

hajime oi (ha′jē mĕ ō′ē, *a* as in *ask*): start!

Hampshire (hămp′sher, *e* as in *her*): a county in England.

haughtily (ho′tĭ lĭ, *o* as in *or*): in a proud or lofty manner.

hauled (hold, *o* as in *or*): dragged.

Hawaii (ha wī′ē, *a* as in *arm*): the largest of the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

heifer (hĕf'er, *e* as in *her*): a young cow.
helium (hē'lĭ ŭm): one of the lightest of gases.
heritage (hĕr'ĭ taj, *a* as in *senate*): a possession which passes from generation to generation.
Hermes (hur'mēz, *u* as in *urn*): a Greek god, the messenger of the gods.
hesitated (hĕz'ĭ tāt ĕd): paused, wavered.
Himalayas (hĭ ma'la yas, first *a* as in *arm*, last *a's* as in *ask*): the highest mountains on the earth, located between India and Tibet.
historical (hĭs tŏr'ĭ kăl): dealing with history.
horrid (hŏr'ĭd): frightful.
hospitality (hŏs pĭ tăl'ĭ tĭ): the practice of entertaining friends and strangers with kindness.
huddled (hŭd'l'd): crowded together.

imitating (ĭm'ĭ tāt ĭng): copying.
immense (ĭ mĕns'): very large.
impatient (ĭm pā'shĕnt): irritable, fretful.
impressed (ĭm prĕst'): affected deeply.
Indies (ĭn'dĭz).
indignant (ĭn dĭg'nănt): wrathful.
inflammation (ĭn flă mā'shŭn): a soreness of any part of the body.
influence (ĭn'flo͞o ĕns): power.
informal (ĭn for'măl, *o* as in *or*): without ceremony.
ingratitude (ĭn grăt'ĭ tūd): lack of thankfulness.
inhospitality (ĭn hŏs pĭ tăl'ĭ tĭ): the lack of desire to welcome strangers or guests.
initial (ĭn ĭsh'ăl): first letter of a person's first or last name.

insolent (ĭn'so lĕnt, *o* as in *obey*): very rude.

inspection (ĭn spĕk'shŭn): a close examination, careful investigation.

intertwined (ĭn ter twīnd', *e* as in *her*): wound or twisted together.

intimate (ĭn'tĭ mat, *a* as in *senate*): friendly, personal.

invasion (ĭn vā'zhŭn): a hostile entrance into the possessions or domains of another.

Ithaca (ĭth'a ka, *a* as in *ask*).

jeer (jēr): to sneer, to make fun of.

Joffre (zhŏ'fr',): a French general in the World War.

jostle (jŏs''l): to push roughly.

joyous (joi'ŭs, *oi* as in *oil*): glad.

Jupiter (jo͞o'pĭ ter, *e* as in *her*): a Roman god.

kai yah (kī'yī): a Japanese exclamation.

kernel (kur'nĕl, *u* as in *urn*): a whole grain or seed of a cereal.

kimono (kĭ mō'nō): a kind of loose robe tied with a sash, worn as an outer garment by Japanese men, women, and children.

labeled (lā'bĕld): marked with a name.

lacquer (lăk'er, *e* as in *her*): a varnish to coat articles in order to give a high polish.

Lamos (lā'mŏs).

league (lēg): a measure of distance, about three geographical miles.

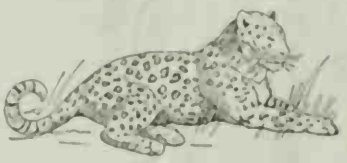
Leamington (lĕm'ĭng tŭn): a town in Warwickshire, England.

lee (lē): side of a ship.

leisure (lē'zhur, *u* as in *unite*): time at one's command.

Leonids (lē'o nĭdz, *o* as in *obey*): shooting stars which make up the star shower that is to be seen about the fourteenth of November, at intervals of about thirty-three years.

leopard (lĕp'erd, second *e* as in *her*): a large and fierce spotted cat of southern Asia and Africa.



leopard

Leopold (lē'o pōld, *o* as in *obey*).

leveling (lĕv'ĕl ĭng): making flat.

lodge (lŏj): a gatekeeper's cottage, a dwelling place.

loins (loinz, *oi* as in *oil*): the part of the body of an animal or man between the hip bone and the ribs.

lowing (lō'ĭng): the mooing of cattle.

lured (lūrd): tempted or led astray.

lye (lī): a strong liquid used in making soap.

Macready (măk rē'dĭ).

magician (ma jĭsh'ăn, *a* as in *ask*): one skilled in magic.

magnificent (măg nĭf'ĭ sĕnt): brilliant.

Malvin (măl'vĭn).

mantel (măn't'l): the shelf above a fireplace.

margin (mar'jĭn, *a* as in *arm*): edge.

marmalade (mar'ma lād, first *a* as in *arm*, second *a* as in *ask*): a fruit jam.

Marseillaise (mar sĕ lāz′, *a* as in *arm*): the national song of France.

martyred (mar′terd, *a* as in *arm*, *e* as in *her*): killed for upholding some belief or cause.

Masao (ma sa′ŏ, both *a's* as in *arm*).

massive (mas′ĭv, *a* as in *ask*): large and heavy.

mechanism (mĕk′a nĭz′m, *a* as in *ask*): the arrangement or relation of the parts of a machine.

Mercier (mĕr′syā′).

meteor (mē′te ŏr, second *e* as in *event*): a shooting or falling star.

milch (mĭlch): giving milk.

Millerand (mēl ran′, *a* as in *arm*): a president of France.

Minerva (mĭ nur′va, *u* as in *urn*, *a* as in *ask*): the Roman goddess of wisdom.

mink (mĭnk): a small animal with soft, thick fur.

mink

misfortune (mĭs for′tun, *o* as in *or*, *u* as in *unite*): bad luck.

misshapen (mĭs shāp′′n): deformed.

mission (mĭsh′ŭn): a calling or work.

monstrous (mŏn′strŭs): marvelous, huge.

mortal (mor′tăl, *o* as in *or*): human.

mortification (mor tĭ fĭ kā′shŭn, *o* as in *or*): vexation.

murderous (mur′der ŭs, *u* as in *urn*, *e* as in *her*): causing murder or bloodshed.

Mustapha (mŏŏs′ta fa, both *a's* as in *arm*).

myriad (mĭr′ĭ ăd): an immense number.

necklace (nĕk′las, *a* as in *senate*): an ornament for the neck, such as beads or a chain.

Neptune (nĕp′tūn): the god of the sea.

niche (nĭch): a hollow within the thickness of a wall for a statue or ornament.

nicht (nĭkt): a Scotch word for *night*.

nonsense (nŏn′sĕns): silliness.

notifying (nō′tĭ fī ĭng): making known.

nourishing (nŭr′ĭsh ĭng): causing growth.

nymph (nĭmf): an imaginary maiden dwelling in the mountains, forests, meadows, or waters.

oasis (o ā′sĭs, *o* as in *obey*): a green or fertile spot in a sandy desert.

ointment (oint′mĕnt, *oi* as in *oil*): a soft, fatty preparation, melting readily when applied to the skin.

omelet (ŏm′ĕ lĕt): a dish consisting of eggs beaten up with milk and cooked in a frying pan.

operator (ŏp′er ā ter, both *e's* as in *her*): one who receives or sends messages by telephone, telegraph, or radio.

Orleans (or lā an′, *o* as in *or*, *a* as in *arm*): a city in France.

Ottanoonsis (ŏt tăn o͞on′sĭs).

oxygen (ŏk′sĭ jĕn): a colorless, odorless, tasteless gas, which forms one fifth of the atmosphere.

pared (pard, *a* as in *care*): cut or removed the outside part or skin from anything, such as fruit.

particular (par tĭk′u lar, first *a* as in *arm*, *u* as in *unite*, second *a* as in *ask*): special, exact.

patent (păt′ĕnt): a writing securing to an inventor, for a term of years, the exclusive right to make, use, and sell his invention.

peasant (pĕz′ănt): in European countries, a tiller of the soil.

pedestal (pĕd′ĕs tăl) : a foundation for a statue or a pillar.

pedestrian (pe dĕs′trĭ ăn, *e* as in *event*): one who journeys on foot.

pendulum (pĕn′du lŭm, *u* as in *unite*): a body suspended from a fixed point, so that it may swing backward and forward.

Penelope (Pe nĕl′o pe, first *e* as in *event*, *o* as in *obey*, final *e* as in *event*): the faithful wife of Ulysses.

perpetual (per pĕt′u ăl, first *e* as in *her*, *u* as in *unite*): endless, everlasting.

personality (pur sun ăl′ĭ tĭ, both *u's* as in *urn*): the sum of one's qualities.

personified (per sŏn′ĭ fīd, *e* as in *her*): represented as a person.

perspiration (pur spĭ rā′shŭn, first *u* as in *urn*): sweat.

petrified (pĕt′rĭ fīd): changed into stone.

Phæacians (fe ā′shănz, *e* as in *event*): a fabulous seafaring people.

physics (fĭz′ĭks): the science of matter and motion.

pinnacle (pĭn′a k'l, *a* as in *ask*): a lofty summit.

pitch (pĭch): the solid black sticky substance obtained from boiled tar or from certain evergreens.

pleated (plēt′ĕd): folded.

Pluto (plo͞o′tō): the god of the lower world, usually called Hades by the Greeks.

Polyphemus (pŏl ĭ fē′mŭs): one of the Cyclopes.

pomegranate (pŏm grăn′at, second *a* as in *senate*): an angular fruit, like an orange in size and color, of a tropical Asiatic tree. It has a hard rind and many seeds in a crimson pulp which is eaten uncooked.

prancing (pran′sĭng, *a* as in *ask*): dancing.

preceded (pre sēd′ĕd, first *e* as in *event*): went before.

precipice (prĕs′ĭ pĭs): a cliff.

pressed (prĕst): forced.

pressure (prĕsh′ur, *u* as in *unite*): weight.

pretense (pre tĕns′, first *e* as in *event*): the act of making believe.

prithee (prĭth′e, *th* as in *the*, *e* as in *event*): I pray thee.

prong (prŏng): a sharp-pointed instrument.

propeller (pro pĕl′er, *o* as in *obey*, *e* as in *her*): that which drives forward.

prophecy (prŏf′e sĭ, *e* as in *event*): a foretelling of the future.

Proserpina (pro sur′pĭ na, *o* as in *obey*, *u* as in *urn*, *a* as in *ask*): the wife of Pluto.

protested (pro tĕst′ĕd, *o* as in *obey*): declared.

provision (pro vĭzh′ŭn, *o* as in *obey*): a store of food.

Prudence (prōō′dĕns).

prudent (prōō′dĕnt): cautious.

Psalmist (sam′ĭst, *a* as in *arm*): a writer of sacred songs.

puir: a Scotch word for *poor*.

pulmotor (pŭl′mō ter, *e* as in *her*): an apparatus for causing breathing by pumping oxygen or air in and out of the lungs of an unconscious person.

pyre (pīr): a pile of wood for burning bodies.

quarrelsome (kwŏr′ĕl sŭm): given to quarrels.

raft (raft, *a* as in *ask*): a float; a collection of logs or timber, fastened together for a support or a conveyance.

rallied (răl′ĭd): brought together for common action.

reckonings (rĕk′′n ĭngs): the results of counting, accounts.

refreshed (re frĕsht′, first *e* as in *event*): made fresh again.

refreshment (re frĕsh′mĕnt, first *e* as in *event*): an article of food or drink.

Regent (rē′jĕnt): a ruler who governs during the absence or illness of the real ruler.

relics (rĕl′ĭks): anything valued highly as a reminder of other days or of a person.

reluctant (re lŭk′tănt, *e* as in *event*): unwilling.

remembrance (rē mĕm′brăns, first *e* as in *event*): act of bringing to mind.

repose (re pōz′, *e* as in *event*): peace, rest.

response (re spŏns′, *e* as in *event*): an answer.

responsibility (re spŏn sĭ bĭl′ĭ tĭ, *e* as in *event*): a duty or obligation.

reveille (rĕv ĕ lē′): a bugle call summoning soldiers and sailors to the day's duties.

reverently (rĕv′er ĕnt lĭ, second *e* as in *her*): in a very respectful manner.

Rheims (rēmz): a city of France, famous for its magnificent cathedral, which was partly destroyed in the World War.

ridiculed (rĭd′ĭ kūld): mocked, made fun of.

rigid (rĭj′ĭd): firm.

Rouen (rwan, *a* as in *arm*): a city in France.

royalty (roi'ăl tĭ, *oi* as in *oil*): of royal birth, kingliness.

rudder (rŭd'er, *e* as in *her*): a flat piece of wood or metal used to steer or guide a vessel or an aircraft.

rudder

Rumpelstiltskin (rŭm pĕl stĭlt'skĭn).

Sahara (sa ha'ra, *a* as in *ask*, *a* as in *arm*, *a* as in *ask*): a region of oases and deserts in North Africa.

scaffold (skăf'old, *o* as in *obey*): an elevated platform used for the execution of a criminal.

scalding (skol'dĭng, *o* as in *or*): steaming hot.

scamp (skămp): a rascal.

schedules (skĕd'ulz, *u* as in *unite*): printed lists. (The man looked at the train *schedule*.)

scientific (sī ĕn tĭf'ĭk): exact.

scorch (skorch, *o* as in *or*): to burn slightly.

scornfully (skorn'fo͝ol ĭ, *o* as in *or*): mockingly.

scowl (skoul): a frown.

Scylla (sĭl'a, *a* as in *ask*): a rock on the coast of Italy.

seine-maker (sān'māk er, *e* as in *her*): one who makes fish nets.

sentry (sĕn'trĭ): a soldier placed on guard.

sequoia (se kwoi'a, *e* as in *event*, *oi* as in *oil*, *a* as in *ask*): a California redwood tree which grows to an immense height.

Shakespeare (shāk'spēr): an English poet and playwriter.

shikkari (shĭk ka'rē, *a* as in *arm*): don't weaken.

shipwright (shĭp'rīt): one who builds or repairs vessels.

shrink (shrĭnk): to make smaller.

shrivel (shrĭv″l): to be drawn into wrinkles, to shrink.
shudder (shŭd′er, *e* as in *her*): to quiver, to shake.
shuffle (shŭf″l): a slow, dragging gait.
Sierra (sĭ ĕr′a, *a* as in *ask*): mountain ranges in eastern California.
significant (sĭg nĭf′ĭ kănt): full of meaning.
signify (sĭg′nĭ fī): to show by a sign, to make known.
siren (sī′rĕn): a sea maiden.
skelping (skĕlp′ĭng): a Scotch word for *whipping* or *beating.*
slump (slŭmp): to suddenly sink or fall through.
smear (smēr): to cover or spread with anything oily or sticky.
smelter (smĕl′ter, *e* as in *her*): one who melts or refines metal in a furnace.
sorceress (sor′ser ĕs, *o* as in *or*, first *e* as in *her*): a woman who practices magic.
spacious (spā′shŭs): roomy.
spectators (spĕk tā′terz, *e* as in *her*): those who look on.
sprawling (sprol′ĭng, *o* as in *or*): moving or lying awkwardly.
squinted (squĭnt′ĕd): looked at with eyes partly closed.
staircase (star′kās, first *a* as in *care*): a flight of steps with a railing.
starvation (star vā′shŭn, first *a* as in *arm*): the state of being extremely hungry.
steadily (stĕd′ĭ lĭ): constantly.
straightway (strāt′wā): immediately.
suitor (sūt′er, *e* as in *her*): a lover.
sumach (sū′măk): a shrub or tree.

supplant (sŭ plănt′): to take the place of.
suppleness (sŭp′l nĕs): state of being soft and yielding.
swine (swīn): a hog.

Tama to nari tsutsu (tă ma′ tō na rē′ tsōō tsōō′, *a* as in *arm*).
tapering (tā′per ĭng, *e* as in *her*): gradually growing smaller from the bottom to the top.
Telemachus (te lĕm′a kŭs, first *e* as in *event*, *a* as in *ask*): the son of Ulysses and Penelope.
telescope (tĕl′e skōp, second *e* as in *event*): an instrument used in viewing distant objects, such as the heavenly bodies. (They looked at the stars through a *telescope*.)
tenpenny (tĕn′pĕn ĭ): a size of nails.
terror (tĕr′er, second *e* as in *her*): fright.
thermometer (ther mŏm′e ter, first *e* as in *her*, second *e* as in *event*, third *e* as in *her*): an instrument for measuring the changes of temperature.
Thrace (thrās).
Tibesti (tĭ bĕs′te, *e* as in *event*): a stony, mountainous region of the Sahara.
tidy (tī′dĭ): neat, arranged in good order.
toboggan (to bŏg′ăn, first *o* as in *obey*): a long, flat-bottomed sled made of thin boards curved up at one end.
Tokyo (tō′ke ō, *e* as in event): the capital of Japan.
tollgate (tōl′gāt): a gate where a tax or toll is taken for the privilege of passing over a bridge or a road.
torrent (tŏr′ĕnt): a flood.
Touro (tōō′rō).
tranquil (trăn′kwĭl): calm.

treaty (trē′tĭ): an agreement between countries or peoples. (The early settlers made a *treaty* with the Indians.)

tremendous (tre mĕn′dŭs, first *e* as in *event*): very great.

tricolor (trī′kŭl er, *e* as in *her*): the national flag of France, of blue, white, and red stripes.

Trinacria (trĭ nā′krĭ ă): the ancient name of Sicily.

triplet (trĭp′lĕt): a collection of three of a kind.

tug (tŭg): a small, powerful boat used to tow or pull vessels.

Tyndall (tĭn′dăl): a peak in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

typical (tĭp′ĭ kăl): regular.

tyrant (tī′rănt): a ruler who uses his great power to ill-treat those under him.

Ulysses (u lĭs′ēz, *u* as in *unite*).

umpire (ŭm′pīr): a judge; one chosen to rule on the play of a game, such as baseball.

unanimously (u năn′ĭ mŭs lĭ, first *u* as in *unite*): united in a single opinion.

unconscious (ŭn kŏn′shŭs): without apparent feeling or life.

unprotected (ŭn pro tĕk′tĕd, *o* as in *obey*): without protection or defense.

unrecognized (ŭn rĕk′ŏg nīzd): unknown.

unsheathed (ŭn shēthd′, *th* as in *the*): uncovered, exposed to view.

unstinted (ŭn stĭnt′ĕd): without limit.

valiant (văl′yănt): brave, courageous.

vengeance (vĕn′jăns): revenge.

vestibule (vĕs′tĭ būl): a hall.
vicar (vĭk′er, *e* as in *her*): a minister or priest.
Voucouleurs (vō kōō ler′, *e* as in *her*).

Westminster Abbey (Wĕst′mĭn ster ăb′ĭ, second *e* as in *her*): a church in London.
whinnying (hwĭn′ĭ ĭng): the crying of a horse.
wide-eaved (wīd′ēvd): having a roof with wide lower edges which overhang the walls.

yearling (yēr′lĭng): an animal one year old.
yoke (yōk): a frame of wood by which two animals, especially oxen, are joined at the heads or necks for working together.
Yosemite (yō sĕm′ĭ te, final *e* as in *event*): a valley in eastern California that has been made a national park.

zeppelin (zĕp′e lĭn, second *e* as in *event*): a cigar-shaped balloon.